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Rinex Soles



Rinex Soles have more than made good. They are bearing the tread of millions. They have proved by actual wear on countless shoes, the promises made when Rinex was given to the World.

In these days of rising costs, when economy and conservation have a new meaning, it is more important than ever to insist on having Rinex Soles. Ask for Rinex on the new shoes you are buying for Fall and Winter wear. Rinex toughness will resist the severity of frozen ground and icy pavement. Rinex waterproofness will protect your feet from dampness and cold. Rinex flexibility gives ease and comfort even in heavy shoes. If you have old shoes with uppers good for further wear, have them resoled with Rinex. Look for the name stamped in the shank of every pair—it is your guarantee of genuineness, your promise of value from the world's largest rubber manufacturers.

All Rinex Soles are the same quality. There is only one Rinex.

United States Rubber Company

Sole and Heel Department, 1790 Broadway, New York

50 High Street, Boston

We Will All Value Peace More if We Form the Habit of Paying Out Real Money for It

IN a certain sense, the Russo-Japanese war ended too soon. It left the Japanese supremely satisfied with what their guns had accomplished for them; and in the Russians a conviction that a little more time and a few more guns would have achieved all that they had hoped.

So each nation set immediately to work to build more guns in preparation for another war.

> The most tragic paradox of our times is that in almost every country one of the most prominent topics of parliamentary debate is the enormous expenditure upon armaments (said Mr. Asquith in 1910). We all admit the evil. We all deplore it. Each country by itself is helpless to arrest the progress of armaments. No single country can reduce the expenditure, and trust even temporarily for its own security to the forbearance of a more powerful, more vigilant neighbor. We seem to be in a vicious circle.

To-day there is evidence that more people are more heartily sick of guns and armament than ever before in the history of the world. Before the end of another year that feeling will be almost universal. The people of every nation—and especially the Germans, who have bowed lower in their worship of guns than any other—will be thoroughly convinced that guns can never again achieve in the world a result proportionate to their terrible cost.

It must be so; the war must not end until it is so.

And when it does end, when peace comes again, the first step toward *making that peace permanent* is somehow to destroy the *"vicious circle" of preparation for war.*

We must have some agreement for the reduction of armaments—every one admits that.

But what every one does not recognize and admit is that merely throwing away our guns will not make peace secure.

It is inconceivably valuable—this thing we call peace; and, like other valuable things in the world,—faith and happiness and the love of a woman,—it needs to be constantly wooed, constantly thought about, and made the object of generous expenditures.

I should like to see a budget of millions—yes, billions—provided after the war for the cultivation of international fellowship.

We might as well speak right out plainly on this matter. And the plain truth is that every people in the world has certain peculiar attributes that grate on the nerves of any other people.

I myself am a direct descendant of the British Isles. As far back as I can trace, my people have been English or Scotch or Irish.

Yet there are few human experiences that can so effectively irritate me as a short conversation with the average Englishman.

Doubtless I grate on him as much as he on me; doubtless there are certain traits of mine that simply set a German or a Japanese on edge.

It is not enough that we should merely agree not to keep a gun pointed at each other's head. The thing for us to do is to spend some time and money every year getting to know each other better—in laying so broad and deep a foundation of mutual respect that the trivialities of character that divide us will appear as trivialities indeed.

I would see an enormous international exchange of teachers and students after the war.

I would bring a group of young newspaper men from every foreign country every year to work in our newspaper offices; and send hundreds of our newspaper men to other lands. The press, the great molder of public opinion, should have at its helm men who understand and appreciate the other fellow's point of view.

All this, of course, will cost money; and we shall be more likely to value it for that reason.

The gods, as Emerson says, sell everything to men at a fair price.

At a price of three billions a year for war preparation, they have sold us the most frightful war in history.

At what price—when the war is over—can we buy a few hundred years of peace?

Bruce Barton, Editor.

THE FAMOUS OLIVER TYPEWRITER

Save $51

Over 600,000 Sold

Now $49—Was $100

Latest Model
Brand New
FREE TRIAL



The Sales Policy Alone is Changed—NOT the Machine

A $2,000,000 GUARANTEE

That This $49 Typewriter Was $100

ON March 1st the Oliver Typewriter Company announced its revolutionary selling plans. On that date we discontinued an expensive sales force of 15,000 salesmen and agents. We gave up costly offices in 50 cities. Other wasteful methods were discarded.

By eliminating these terrific and mounting expenses, we reduced the price of the Oliver Nine from the standard level of $100 to $49.

This means that you save $51 per machine. This is not philanthropy on our part. While our plan saves *you* much, it also saves for *us*.

There was nothing more wasteful in the whole realm of business than our old ways of selling typewriters. Who wants to continue them? Wouldn't you rather pocket 50 per cent for yourself?

The Latest Model

The Oliver Typewriter Company is at the height of its success. With its huge financial resources it was determined to place the typewriting industry on a different basis. This, you admit, is in harmony with the economic trend.

This Oliver Nine is a twenty-year development. It is the finest, the costliest, the most successful model that we have ever built.

More than that, it is the best typewriter, in fifty ways, that anybody ever turned out. If any typewriter in the world is worth $100, it is this Oliver Nine.

Simplified Selling

Our new plan is extremely simple. It makes it possible for the consumer to deal direct with the producer.

You may order from this advertisement by using the coupon.

We don't ask a penny down on deposit—no C. O. D.

When the typewriter arrives, put it to every test—use it as you would your own. If you decide to keep it, you have more than a year to pay for it. Our terms are $2.00 per month. If you decide to return it, we will even refund the transportation charges.

Or if you wish additional information, mail the coupon for our proposition in detail. We immediately send you our de luxe catalog and all information which you would formerly obtain from a typewriter salesman.

10 Cents a Day

Our terms are $2.00 a month—the equivalent of 10 cents a day. Everyone may now own a typewriter for 50 per cent less than any other standard machine.

Regardless of price, do not spend one cent upon any typewriter—whether new, second-hand or rebuilt—do not even rent a machine until you have investigated thoroughly our proposition.

It is the same commercial machine purchased by the United States Steel Corporation, the National City Bank of New York, Montgomery Ward & Co., Hart, Schaffner & Marx, the Pennsylvania Railroad and other leading businesses. Over 600,000 have been sold.

Remember, we offer here one of the most durable, one of the greatest, one of the most successful typewriters ever built. If anyone ever builds a better, it will be Oliver.

Don't Pay $100

Why now pay the extra tax of $51 when you may obtain a brand new Oliver Nine—a world favorite—for $49?

Cut out the wasteful methods and order direct from this advertisement.

Or send for our remarkable book entitled "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." You will not be placed under the slightest obligation.

(Canadian Price, $63.65)

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY

1387 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

NOTE CAREFULLY—This coupon will bring you either the Oliver Nine for free trial or further information. Check carefully which you wish.

MAIL TO-DAY

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1387 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $49 at the rate of $2 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....

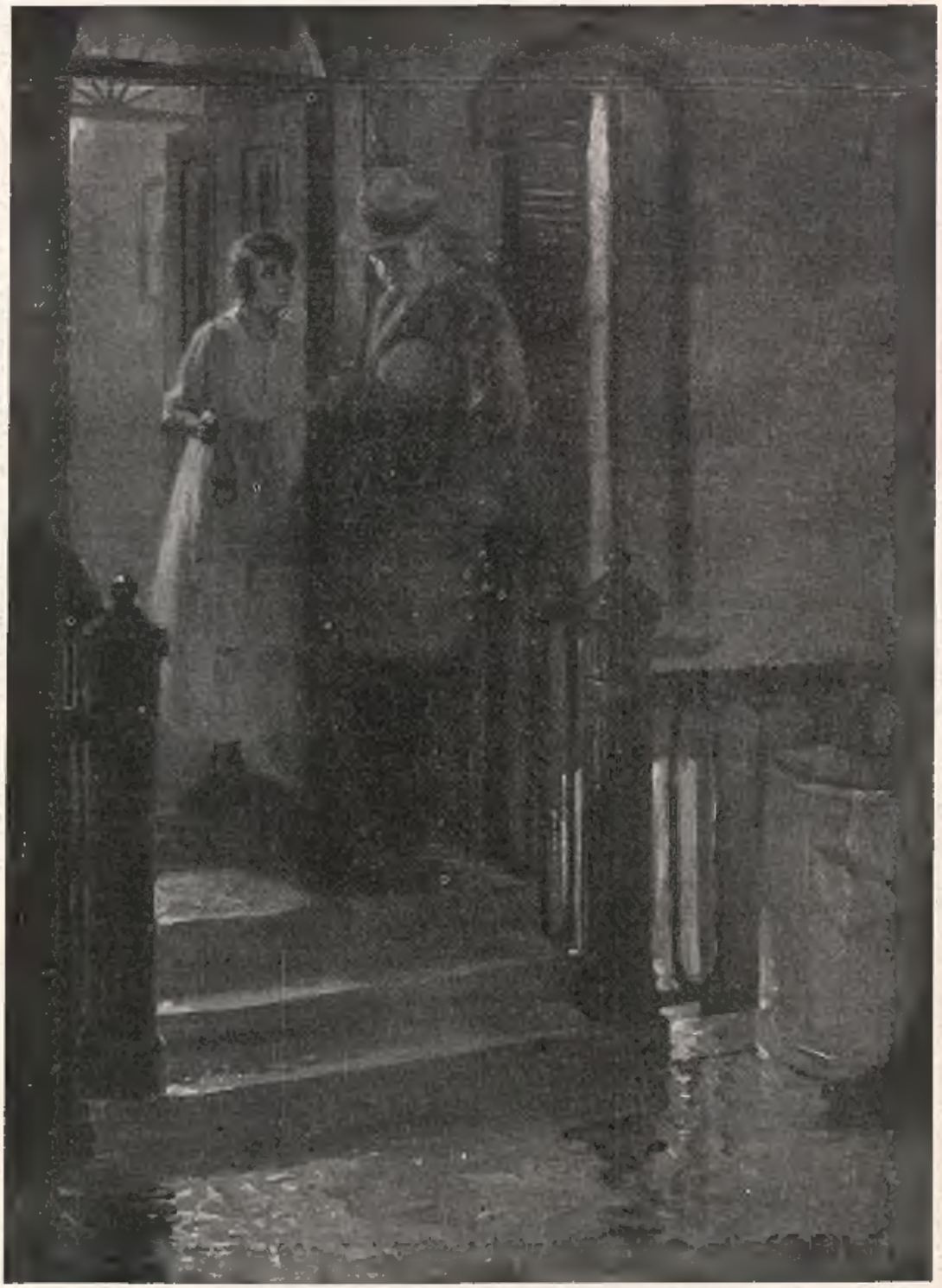
This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," also de luxe catalogs and further information.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... *State* .....



"'Why, Leslie is everything to me!' exclaimed Lily. 'He's my boy! He didn't say—he didn't say he'd do anything rash, did he?'"

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HER BOY

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

Illustrations by Stockton Mulford

IN SPITE of his fame, Mr. Cassius Proudfoot, like the violet by the mossy stone, has none to praise and very few to love him—behind his back.

He is *the* Mr. Proudfoot, formerly foremost among efficiency engineers, time-study experts, speeding up of industry propagandists, and now the Vice President, Manager and Heart and Soul, Mainspring and Pulse of the American Industrial and Financing Corporation.

"No one man has done more to attract the attention of our national industry to its great undeveloped resources," said the toast-master at the National Chamber of Commerce dinner, as he introduced this square-jawed millionaire. "I refer to the epoch-making work he has accomplished in opening our eyes to the study of men. It gives me great pleas—"

Whereupon Cassius Proudfoot, who had just passed his fiftieth birthday, stood up, and, with his massive face set like reinforced concrete, began:

"If civilization is worth its salt, it must next turn to the problems of human efficiency."

A waiter in the far corner of the room—who had a wife, seven children, and tuberculosis—whispered behind his hand to a bus-boy. He said:

"Civilization is a failure. Better to be thinkin' of 'appiness than efficiency. They'll be findin' it out—mark wot I s'y. Efficiency is a lemon. If it weren't fer the 'igh cost of livin' we wouldn't need to be a-studyin' 'ow to myke a machine out of a man."

Mr. Proudfoot went on with his speech, his sentences punching like piston-rods.

When it was over, a Western hardware manufacturer amid the hand-clapping said: "That's damsignificant!"

Cassius Proudfoot, having said the last word on the exploiting of men as the new profit factor in manufacturing, allowed his mind to descend to the thought of bed.

"The truth of the matter is that I am very much played out," he confided to the hardware man. "I've just finished the manufacturing reorganization and the cost studies of the Eastern Munitions concern. My doctor says my arteries are as soft as a baby's, but that I must have sleep. Knitteth up the unraveled sleave of care, you know. So I brought Mrs. Cassius down to New York, and we've just settled at the new San Solfino—best service in America. Pay and get."

PROUDFOOT thought, as he went home, that the day was over. For him it had just begun.

Coming to him were adventure, thrills, throes, and experience—and the greatest of these is experience.

Experience, for instance, had led Abbie Proudfoot to know that Cassius was most calm in spirit when he was regarded seriously. Most Americans regarded him seriously. His wife, who adored him, adored him, however, in her own way—which was as a child.

"Well, mother, you're still up," he said, as he entered their luxurious suite of rooms. "Waiting for me, eh? Well, it turned out to be a really important occasion. What are you sewing on?"

"Cass, I'm knitting a silk tie for Henry."

"It's a waste," asserted Proudfoot. "The idea of a woman of your intellectual development applying your energies to labor! Well—pooh!—I can go out and buy a hand-knit silk tie for—"

"There wouldn't be any love in it."

Mrs. Proudfoot put down her work on the Louis XIV table.

"You must go to bed, Cass," said she. "And you must ring for your glass of hot milk. The doctor said it was good for stimulating—what was it good for?"

"Makes me sleep. And now sleep is more important to me than ever," said Cassius, yawning and taking off his dress coat. He picked up the telephone receiver and ordered his hot milk, and thus began a chain of significant events.

THE truth was that the maids, the boys, the waiters, the captains, and even the resident manager of the San Solfino believed Cassius Proudfoot, Esquire, was worth several more million dollars than he was worth, and it is common knowledge that a millionaire is one thing and a multi-millionaire is another. There was a great scrambling in the room-service pantry when the telephone call came for Proudfoot's hot milk. There was determination that it should be very hot and very milk.

"Which one of you is to take this hot drink?" asked the assistant night steward, glancing from one to the other of the two room-service boys.

"Let number 23 take it," said the red-haired youth, whose number was 80 and whose name was Stower.

He might as well have dropped a bomb as to have dropped this remark. Mr. Dupkins, the assistant night steward, glared at him.

"There's gratichude for yer!" he exclaimed. "There you go—you who is always complaining because opportunity never knocks on your entrance."

The youth of the hair with a pinkish tinge blinked the lids over his handsome glass-clear, blue-green marbles of eyes.

"Mr. Dupkins, it's my luck," he explained. "I ain't nothing on superstition, but my luck ain't never done nothing but throw me. You ain't forgot that when this Proudfoot was here last month, and wanted to borrow one of the boys in a hurry to take down to his country place, you gave me a chance then. What happened? We didn't get no further than the Bronx in his limousine before my nose, what never bled before in my life, begins to bleed. Bleed, did I say? It spouted! They had to let me down at my young lady friend's apartments, and her mother had to stop it with cobwebs. Where was the big tip I was going to make? I remember not. If I take this here milk, probably I'll fall dead outside his door."

"Take it or lose your job," roared the angry Bill Dupkins.

Leslie Stower took the milk.

It was Mrs. Proudfoot who from her bedroom heard the tapping on the reception-room door.

"Cass!" she called. "There's your milk. If you go to the door, put on your slippers."

Cassius went to the door in his bare feet. He opened the door a crack, and saw before him the red-haired youth, whose blue-green eyes were fixed in a frightened, apprehensive stare upon the steaming silver pitcher and the beautifully clean and gleaming glass which occupied an insecure place upon the Dresden china tray.

NOT once in many moons did Proudfoot exhibit any interest in humble personality. Therefore there can be no way to account for the unfortunate interest which he now took suddenly in Leslie Stower.

"I've seen you before!"

The gaze of Leslie Stower's marble round eyes, fixed faithfully upon the hazardous pot of steaming milk, were torn away from duty by the sheer force of personality. He straightened his short, stocky figure, and looked up into Proudfoot's stern gray eyes.

Thereupon the silver pot slid down the Dresden china tray, opened its own lid as it toppled over the edge, and, falling, delivered first a stunning blow upon the great toe of the magnate, and then emptied its piping hot contents upon his bare foot.

A cry of woe and anguish parted the lips of Cassius the First. He raised his foot and, standing on one leg, nursed the injured member with both his hands. In his cream-colored pajamas with a fine green stripe, he was not a dignified figure.

He slammed the door in young Stower's awed countenance.

Within the apartment and from her bedroom came Abbie Proudfoot's suppressed laughter. This laugh did not appeal to Proudfoot's better nature. He rushed to the telephone, and on his way gave his analysis of the San Solfino Hotel, its builder, its owner, its system, its organization, its judgment in selecting employees, and other matters.

"Is this the manager?" he asked into the mouth-piece, after he had commanded the telephone girl to give him the source of authority. "Well, this is Mr. Cassius Proudfoot. A boy—an incompetent, half-witted, delinquent, clumsy, illiterate, untrained, raw boy—number 80—has just been at my door. Now, I'm not going into any details. This is Mr. Proudfoot talking—do you understand? I want that boy fired. It's not personal; it's the principle of the thing. I want him fired—now—within ten minutes. If I ever see him again I'll leave the hotel!"

This was the ultimatum of success. Mr. Proudfoot switched off the lights, entered his bedroom, and, crawling under the cool linen sheets, humped his heavy body about to adjust it to the comfort of sleep. But as commonplace, as vulgar, as negligible a thing as conscience crept into the luxurious bed and put its bony little arms around Proudfoot's thick neck.

When Cassius shut his eyes, inviting slumber, he saw staring at him the reproachful eyes of Leslie Stower.

"I should not have gone so far," he admitted, and twisted over from his left to his right side. "I suppose they've bounced him. Well, he's too young to have a wife. He looked pathetic, but he's a tough young critter. He may have a mother at home. Probably one. Yet he may—"

He opened his lids, stared at the velvety dark, and listened to the night noises of the city. Presently out of the gloom appeared the eyes of Leslie Stower, gazing at him with the expression of a friendly dog which has received a kick.

Cassius found his pillow uncomfortable, and beat it with his fist.

"What's the matter, Cass dear?" his wife called to him.

"I drank too much coffee," he replied—and knew it was a black, black lie.

THREE minutes later he threw off the bed-clothes, scuffed about in the dark until he had found his slippers, then strode into the parlor and turned on the lights.

"Find the man to whom the room-service boys report, and send him up to me right away," he said to the telephone operator. "Don't delay. This is Mr. Proudfoot."

"Cass dear," came Abbie Proudfoot's voice.

"Huh?"

"What—"

"Nothing. Go to sleep."

He shut the door of her bedroom.

When Mr. Dupkins arrived, Mr. Proudfoot said in a stern and reproachful tone:

"Well, what have you to say, huh?"

"To say, sir!"

Mr. Proudfoot looked at the assistant room-service steward.

"Well, this is what I wanted to say to you," said the man in pajamas. "I sent word through the manager that I wanted that boy who nearly burst my foot off

The Greatest Tribute Ever Paid to the Dog

THE late Senator Vest of Missouri was retained to represent a man whose dog had been shot by a neighbor. His client asked for $200. Vest closed the case with this wonderful little tribute to the dog—and the jury, after a few minutes' deliberation, brought in a verdict for $500 instead of the $200 asked.

Gentlemen of the Jury: The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter, that he has reared with loving care, may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the winter winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death.

fired. I've changed my mind. Let him stay."

Dopkins' voice seemed to come from the interior of a receiving vault.

"It is too late, sir, begging your pardon," said he. "I have already given Leslie Stower his discharge."

"Stop him before he leaves the hotel!"

"He's gone already, sir."

"I suppose he can find another position."

"I don't know, sir. To tell you the truth,—speaking my mind, as it were,—I was not pleased—for myself, that is—to fire that boy. To tell the truth, it seemed a shame, sir. I know he wasn't the best boy we ever had, but he weren't the worst, either. He was in hard luck—"

"Hard luck nothing!" ejaculated Proudfoot. "You never hear a successful business man talking about hard luck."

"Be that as it may, sir, I am far from pleased—for myself, that is," said Dopkins, with a sepulchral gloom. "The boy is a red-haired boy, and some might say he was a homely boy. He wasn't a beauty by no means, sir. But he wanted to succeed. And he had been very faithful to a young woman—a girl, I might say—Lily MacMahon—a slip of a girl. She works as a cashier until eleven every night. With a steady place he was going to marry her."

"I tell you what you do," growled Proudfoot—"you send a messenger to Stower's residence, and charge the expense to me."

"I can't do that, sir. I haven't the young man's address, sir. It was a boarding-house. I omitted to get it. None of the men knew it. I asked particular, because I didn't like the look on the face of the boy when he left. He was a very intense boy, sir. He was very low, sir. When he left he was very low and—if I might say so—very bitter. All I know about finding him is through his young lady friend. She lives on Egglestone Avenue in the Bronx, but I don't know the number. Perhaps you would know, sir. You dropped him there a few weeks ago, when he had the nose-bleed."

"Hah—I knew I had seen him," said Proudfoot. "No, I didn't notice the number. All I noticed was the house. I remember it because of the economic waste in ugly architectural decoration."

"You could find it again?" asked Dopkins, with a sickly smile of hope.

"Certainly; but what good does that do us?"

"No good. No good, sir. When the boy left he was very low. I sha'n't never forget seeing him go out into the alley-way to-night. To tell you the truth, sir, I've been ha'nted by his last words."

Proudfoot leaned forward anxiously. "What did he say? What do you mean by his last words?"

"He said he was discouraged at last—he said he was going to blow his brains out."

"What!" gasped the big man.

"Yes, sir; he said as how if he didn't do so he was going to throw hisself into the river."

The eyes of Mr. Proudfoot bulged.

"He mustn't do that!" he commanded.

"Well, sir, there's a chance he may not," said the steward.

Mr. Dopkins ran his gaze up one of the green stripes of Mr. Proudfoot's pajamas.

"There's nothin' to be done," he said in the manner of a grave-digger. "What comes, comes. What has to be, has to be."

Mr. Proudfoot meditated. Then he sprang up and thrust his hands apart to show that he would like to sweep Mr. Dopkins out of the room.

"You are right," he said. "No use cryin over spilt milk."

"I'll send a fresh pot of it, sir."

"Confound it, that wasn't what I meant."

Mr. Dopkins made his escape; and Proudfoot shivered, summoned his calm, his philosophy, his character, and his general bigness, and went under the bed covers again.

"Lily MacMahon," he said to himself. "Some little snip of a girl, I suppose, subject to pink eye."

He remembered Abbie Proudfoot when she was seventeen. He had gone to school with her, and she had been subject to pink eye. He wished that he had not thought of pink eye.

The rain, fresh from the harbor, suggestive of the full equinox, was beating on the window. This was a bad night for good cheer. It was depressing. The hoot, toot, bellow, and moan of the ferries and tugs were depressing—sounds both far away and lonesome. A river-front! A dark figure moving disconsolate along the warehouse wall. A splash! A gurgle! A spreading circle on the black water!

Mr. Proudfoot arose from his bed. He had spoken as the American success speaks—as a king. His word had gone, and his word went, and what's his name—Leslie Stower, jobless, discouraged, alone, and "low," as Dopkins had said—was now wandering the adamantine walled streets of the rain-beaten and stony-faced city.

PROUDFOOT was no longer able to think of Leslie Stower as a production unit; he could only think of him as a boy with reproachful eyes.

"I drank too much coffee," said Cassius, standing in front of the window, from which he could see the almost pulsing glow of the city trembling in the rain.

Somewhere a clock struck eleven.

"This girl of his will be starting home now," he said. "The devil with hot milk! I didn't need it. I'd been asleep long ago without it. I believe I'll wake up Abbie."

But, instead of waking up Abbie, he called the garage where he kept his own car when it was in town.

"A limousine and a good wide-awake bright driver," he commanded.

"It is my duty to do what I can," said he to himself later, as he walked up and down in his bath-robe. "I wish I knew what to do—something efficient."

HE thought he was doing something efficient when he drew on paper a diagram of Egglestone Avenue and showed it to the driver sent by the garage. This driver was a man with extremely bright eyes and extremely bad teeth emphasized by one gold incisor.

"This is a vacant lot," said Proudfoot, pointing to the plan. "I think there is a church here, but it may be a school-house. Then you go along Egglestone Avenue in this direction, and there is a big white brick apartment-house, and then a lot of low houses."

"I know the place," the chauffeur responded, recognizing that a milestone in his life had been reached. "Yes, sir, Mr. Proudfoot. What will I ask the young lady besides his address?"

"Nothing! Wait a minute. You say you know the locality. Well, here beyond the low buildings is another vacant lot with a high board fence with advertising signs. The first house—a three-family house—"

"Correct, sir—the first house. I see it now."

Proudfoot's face lit up with pleasure. "You know the place?"

"I know it," replied the other, seeing gold pieces.

"Then go to it. Telephone me from the Bronx."

"The Bronx, sir! Did you say the Bronx?"

"Certainly. Why?"

"I thought this here Egglearoos Avenue was in Brooklyn."

Proudfoot threw back his head and opened his mouth as if he were about to howl like a lone wolf. Instead of howling, he remained motionless.

"Wait for me," he said at last, in a thin and artificial voice. "I'm going to get dressed. We're living in the dark ages when, if a man wants anything done, he has to do it himself. This is a nice kettle of fish. Wait here. I'll go with you."

After he had dressed himself he regretted for a moment his impulse to go seeking a needle in a hay-stack; but just then an automobile tire exploded somewhere on the asphalt below, and he jumped as if the sound were that fatal crack to be made when the disconsolate Stower would pull the trigger with his youthful forefinger.

"Wait till I scribble a note for Mrs. Proudfoot," he gasped. "Now, then—come on! Hurry!"



"The silver pot delivered first a stunning blow upon the great toe of the magnate, and then emptied its piping hot contents upon his bare foot."

THE vestibule of the three-family house in which lived the fair Lily gave forth an aroma like the extract of cabbages and rubber overshoes and wet umbrellas; but the heart of Proudfoot had been comforted because a light still burned in the second story, showing that the home of the widow MacMahon had not been closed for the night. He rang the bell under the tin letter-box, a second light sprang up in the hall, and down the stairs, visible through a cheap muslin curtain over the door-glass, came a shadow and the sound often misdescribed as tripping feet.

Cassius threw his cigar toward the limousine from which he had descended, heard its glow hiss on the wet sidewalk, and then, turning, found himself face to face with Lily MacMahon.

Lily was no beauty, and she still wore the paper cuffs that protected her sleeves as she made change at the cashier's desk of a drug store. And yet, Lily's personality had a perfume. One could not sense it by smell, but rather in one's mind. Her eyes looked straight into the eyes of Cassius.

He was sorry for her; he liked her, wondering why. He said:

"You know a young man—Leslie Stower."

She appeared alarmed.

"Has he been run over?" she exclaimed.

Proudfoot sighed.

"I hoped he had been here," said he. "So you haven't heard from him, eh? Where does he live?"

"You are looking for him?" she asked. "What are you—a—a—detective?"

"No-o."

"You got bad news?"

"No-o. Tell me where he lives."

Lily put her fingers timidly upon his sleeve, and explained to him that Leslie Stower had moved his room two days before. She did not know his address: he had written it on a piece of paper to give her, and when they parted he had forgotten to put it in her hand.

"But I've been so worried about him, anyway," she concluded, holding her trembling hands palm downward over her lungs. "Leslie has been so *discouraged*."

Proudfoot shivered.

"Well, I suppose you ought to know the truth," he said.

She waited.

"Well—I—er—you see, I am—the fact is—"

She leaned against the wall, her upper lip trembling, her hands plucking at her blue serge skirt, her freckled face pale, and her large blue eyes growing larger and larger. As between having her look at him like that or being brought before the judgment, Cassius would have preferred the latter.

"Why, Leslie—Leslie is—everything to me!" exclaimed Lily, losing control. "He's my boy. He didn't say—he didn't say he'd do anything rash, did he!"

Proudfoot hung his head.

"Well, that's all," he stammered. "There's nothing more to do."

"Nothing more to do! Nothing more to do!" she ejaculated, with little shrieks. "See here, Mister—*you're responsible*. You got to take me and find Leslie. The idea! Do you think you and I are going to let that poor boy— You get a machine there. I'm going to get my hat and coat."

Some unopened flower in Proudfoot's heart now suddenly burst into full bloom. The axis of his world was no longer the great Cassius: everything seemed to swing about these negligible two—Lily MacMahon and Leslie Stower.

Riding in the gently rocking limousine, he leaned forward and looked sideloug at the girl.

"This ain't a trap?" asked Lily suddenly. "I'm suspicious of limousines."

Cassius smiled.

"Don't you worry, Lily MacMahon," he replied. "We're going straight to the all-night lunch place where you say—what was his name?"

"Terrence Jones. He works there nights. He's Leslie's best friend. They once owned a second-hand bicycle together."

"Well, don't you worry. When I start in to do anything I'll go to the limit. I'll spend anything that's necessary. Don't you worry. We'll find young Stower."

He endeavored to make his voice sound assuring and kind. He wanted to reach the understanding and the sympathy of this little freckled girl with the honest blue eyes. A bashfulness crept over him.



"Now don't let's cry,' said Mr. Proudfoot. 'There's a good girl. Don't cry on the steak—eat it.'"

WHEN Lily took him into the All-ways-Open Restaurant on Fourteenth Street, in which there mingled a pleasant warmth, the aroma of coffee, the sheen of glasses, the lines of apples and cup custards, and said, "Mr. Jones—meet Mr. Proudfoot," and Terry Jones wiped his hand on his white apron and extended it over the sand-papered counter, Cassius blushed.

He made himself very businesslike, however. He said:

"Coming to the point quickly, Mr. Jones—has—"

"Mr. Stower," prompted Lily.

"Yes, Mr. Stower," repeated Cassius. "Has Mr. Stower been here? She—that is, *we* were worried about him."

The expression on his face was that of an animal begging, sitting up on its hind legs. Proudfoot wanted good news.

"Leslie was here," Terrence said, wiping his chin on his sleeve. "That's as good as I can tell you. He wouldn't talk. He acted like a case of grip—see? I thought you had shook him, Lily. He looked something fierce. He only left here an hour ago. He was going down to see that reporter on the night staff—the guy he met on the Fall River boat. He was going to ask him for a job."

"What else? What did he say when he left?" asked Cassius unsmilingly.

Jones evidently regarded Mr. Proudfoot with complete general and particular suspicion. He said:

"Well, Leslie passed a remark as he left. He told me like this: 'Terry, I'm going to make a try, but maybe it will be a hundred years before you ever see *me* again.'"

Cassius gasped, moved his finger around inside his collar as if he needed more air, and looked at Lily. Her face was drawn; tears welled up in her eyes.

"Now don't let's cry," begged Mr. Proudfoot, his diminutive and wheedling and awe-stricken words contrasting with his size and his square, determined jaw. "There's a good girl—don't let's cry. That won't help any. We're going down to the newspaper offices. Yes, we are. We're going to put in some advertisements and ask Leslie to communicate with us at once. Yes, we are. Don't cry! It makes me nervous. Your stomach's empty. Sit up here on this stool and have a—"

He looked up at the framed menu done in black and gilt.

"Have a hamburger steak, that's a good girl. Don't cry and don't faint. Have a hamburger steak."

"Mm—mm—mm," answered Lily, sobbing an assent.

"Give me a cup of coffee!" said Cassius. "There, that's a good girl. Don't cry on the steak—eat it."

Lily ate, but the flow of her tears did not cease. Her companion gulped his coffee, conscious that the glowering disapproval of young Mr. Jones was fastened upon him. Indeed, when the two started for the door, Terrence called out:

"Say, Lily. Just a minute."

Cassius heard Jones' hoarse whisper: "Now, I don't know what's the trouble—see—but I certainly don't like the looks of the guy who's your escort. Maybe you know what you're doin', but to me he looks like a professional gambler. Fine feathers don't make fine birds, y'understand. I'll bet this guy never called at your *home*."

Cassius wanted to laugh. He thought of the lonely, discouraged boy, of blasted young lives, and he wanted to cry. He wished he were young enough to cry.

As he was thinking this absurd thought he felt the soft, warm hand of Lily creep into his own; he pressed her fingers.

THROUGH the wholesale district toward City Hall Park they rode on and on.

"I just want to tell you," said Lily at last. "Something inside says to me the worst has happened. And I just want to tell you, if it has you mustn't ever blame yourself, Mister. I know you're a good man. It wasn't really your fault. I want to say that now."

Cassius gulped. The girl was thinking of *him*—of Cassius Proudfoot! She could forget herself. She had thought of him. He wondered who else besides Abbie thought of *him*—like that—lovingly?

"Come what may—" he said to himself inside his closed lips.

They rode on.

At the newspaper office one of the copy boys remembered a young man with red hair who had called three quarters of an hour before—at about two o'clock, he would say.

Cassius marched out the gold watch presented to him by the office force in his old engineering firm years ago.

"That can't be right," he gasped. "It's quarter of three."

He was unused to the magic speed of the night hours.

"That's right," said the copy boy, shivering in a green-walled corridor where the draught was laden with the odor of printers' ink and the sound and pulsing of the presses. "That's right. He was here about two to see Mr. Apperson about a job. I think I heard one of 'em say something about going up to Ottie Benjamin's. You'd probably find one or probably both of 'em there."

"Did he get a job?" asked Cassius.

"Naw," replied the boy, rubbing his smutty palms together. "I bet he didn't get no job. He was a gloom—that guy. I thought he'd come in to read the death notices."

Mr. Proudfoot sighed. Hopes and fears had fallen within him, but he managed to pat Lily gently on the back.

"We'll ask the chauffeur where Ottie Benjamin's is," he said. "Come! Courage! On to Benjamin's!"

NO use talking—Ottie Benjamin's is not a nice place. By some mysterious power, doubtless drawn from politics rather than from religion or education, it maintains an all-night license when all other places are closed, and the smoke is thick and the conversation thin. Persons who should be in bed go there, and reporters come upstairs after the morning editions are on the presses for a bite to eat.

As Cassius stood in the doorway where a dozen ratty and weasel-faced chauffeurs were lolling about, the place struck terror to his heart.

A big man has to be careful. Mr. Proudfoot had always been careful, and he felt that being seen in Ottie Benjamin's at something less than four o'clock in the morning was being truly careless. Cassius usually liked to imagine that persons recognized him and nudged each other as he passed. Now he would have given a thousand dollars for a false beard.

No one appeared to recognize the great man, however. No one paid him any attention, except one young woman who giggled at him and said, "Hello, grandpa!" Cassius looked in one of the many mirrors to see if he were growing old. He considered that he looked rather youthful.

Then suddenly he saw that Lily, who had seated herself at the table in front of him, was trembling.

"I ain't used to a place like this," said she apologetically.

"Gad! I was a cad to bring you here," he replied under his breath.

He forgot himself again; his singleness of thought was for little Lily MacMahon.

The Western manufacturer of hardware who had been at the banquet of the National Chamber of Commerce so many years—or was it hours?—ago, and who was now making with a gay party, saw Proudfoot, and he waved at Cassius.

"Ah, hah!" he chortled triumphantly. "Hello, Proudfoot! Hello, old shoestring! A cold bottle and a broiled live, eh?"

"Beast!" growled Cassius. "I'll start a hardware factory in Illinois that'll drive him out of the State."

Proudfoot was sorely tried now. The head waiter said that Mr. Apperson had not been there, but he had seen a red-haired youth come in. The red-haired youth had talked to Waiter Number 49, who had now gone out to serve at a supper being given by an English actor

Continued on page 30

THE MELTING POT

In Which the New Books and Magazines are Boiled Down to Give You Fifteen Minutes of Health, Efficiency, Travel, Biography, and Adventure

ARE JAPANESE WOMEN BETTER TRAINED THAN OURS?



They say that the Japanese women are as strong and tall as the men of their race. But, after all, their men aren't very tall—and could they do a better "jack-knife" than this seventeen-year-old Daughter of the American Revolution?

AMERICAN women are physically inferior in almost every particular to American men. The majority of them have undeveloped muscles, a bad carriage, an impaired digestion, and are without skill in outdoor games, is the severe comment of Anna M. Galbraith, M. D., author of *Personal Hygiene and Physical Training for Women* (W. B. Saunders Company).

A Japanese woman, on the other hand, is usually the peer of a man of her own race who is of the same age and height, says the writer. As a young girl she begins the practice of jiu-jitsu, the Japanese system of training the body. She enters the arena on equal terms with boys, and gives just as much time to perfecting her strength and skill. Grown men and women practise together, and the women show the same strength as the men.

"The back of the average Anglo-Saxon woman is generally the weakest part of her body, while that of the normal Japanese woman satisfies the surgeon's ideal, as well as the artist's. The average Japanese woman of to-day shows a figure as perfectly molded, and of as true proportions, as the women of ancient Greece were able to display.

"Consumption is a rare disease in Japan. Even winter coughs are of rare occurrence.

"The Japanese look upon full, deep breathing as the most vital function in life. Food is not so important, although it is necessary."

Professor Phillips of Amherst gives women one ray of hope.

"Young women are certainly one inch taller and five pounds heavier than they were ten years ago," he declares.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MEXICAN PEONS

"A LAZY, drunken, worthless lot of brutes!"

That is the way that foreigners in Mexico are accustomed to speak of the Mexican native—the peon. An article in the *Mexican Review* proceeds to tell the truth about these misrepresented people.

For centuries the peon has been a slave. In his entire life he has not seen as much money that he could call his own as an American laborer receives in a week. Always in debt, he has accepted the rough, scanty food doled out to him, lived and died almost as the dumb animals with which he worked.

But how can people be so sure that the peons are by nature slothful, lazy, unambitious?

A force of peons employed in bridge construction, being dissatisfied with their regular daily wage, asked the manager to give them "task work" instead of paying them by the day. The paymaster was instructed to keep a record of the amount of work accomplished. A list was posted declaring that so many buckets of gravel, etc., would be regarded as a day's work, no matter how long it took the peons to accomplish the task.

There were startling results. Many men finished work at eleven o'clock, having done twenty-five per cent more work than at the old rate. The rest finished at three. After having gained a day's pay in five hours, the majority asked to continue the work and get in another half day. This was gladly accorded them.

It was interesting to watch them. The slow-moving, sullen-faced men took on new vigor and life. Good-natured taunts and badinage were exchanged, and the laggards were stimulated to renewed exertion.

In Yucatan, for the first time since the Spanish conquest, these people have been given a chance, and it shows what qualities are in them. By government regulation the hours of labor and the wages are so fixed that at three o'clock a man is through work, and receives the wage of $1.75. Many of the men go home, take a bath (the regular daily custom), don snow-white cotton garments, and then—well, what would the men of a like class in the United States do? There is at least one thing they would not do, and that is, go to school. Yet that is exactly what hundreds of these Yucatan peons are doing; and not infrequently their wives go with them.

WHEN BEETHOVEN MET GOETHE

SHUT up inside himself by his deafness, Beethoven developed a doughty self-reliance that sometimes verged on rudeness. To kings and princes especially he would give no deference. He was as good as they—in fact, a good deal better; for his position rested on the solid foundation of genius and hard work, while theirs was the child of chance.

Roman Rolland, in his *Life of Beethoven* (Henry Holt), quotes the great musician's account of his meeting with Goethe:

"Kings and princes can easily make professors and privy councilors," he said, "but they can not make great men or minds that rise above the base turmoil of this world. And when two men are together, such as Goethe and myself, these fine gentlemen must be made conscious of the difference between ourselves and them. Yesterday, as we were returning home *en fiacre*, we met the whole of the Imperial family. We saw them approaching from a distance. Goethe let go my arm to take his stand by the roadside with the crowd. It was in vain that I talked to him. Say what I would, I could not get him to move a single step. I drew my hat down upon my head, buttoned my overcoat, and forced my way through the throng. Princes and courtiers stood aside. Duke Rudolph raised his hat to me, the Empress bowing first. The great of the earth know me and recognize me. I amused myself in watching the procession pass by Goethe. He remained on the roadside, bowing low, hat in hand. I took him to task for it pretty severely and did not spare him at all."

Goethe, on the other hand, was of different stuff. He was a councilor of the Grand Duke of Weimar, and Beethoven's lecture to him rankled in his courtly soul for years.

"Beethoven is possessed of a wild, uncouth disposition," he said, remembering this episode. "We must excuse and pity him, for he is deaf."

HOW MEN BEHAVE UNDER SHELL-SHOCK

SHELL-SHOCK is the popular way of saying war-strain, and a man suffering from shell-shock can be described in common parlance as a man who has "lost his senses." Some men it makes blind, some dumb, when nothing is physically the matter with the eyes or the vocal cords. It is a form of hysteria.

"The most distressing symptoms occur in those patients whose past history shows that, far from possessing even the normal quota of timidity, they have been noted for their 'dare-devilry'," according to *Shell-Shock* (Longmans, Green & Company), written by G. Elliot Smith and T. H. Pear. "The seasoned regular officer as much as the young, green soldier displays precisely the same symptoms. Such men have been in the army for years. Their strength of mind and body has been demonstrated over and over again; yet at last they have broken down."

A non-commissioned officer went through eleven months of the war. He was wounded twice, gassed twice, buried under a house. Each time he returned to the front. He was granted five days' ordinary leave and started off, apparently in good health. After reaching England, while waiting for a train, he suddenly collapsed, became unconscious, and several months afterward was the subject of severe neurasthenia.

A seaman was brought into a naval hospital who could speak only in a whisper. While in the ammunition chamber of the big guns he suddenly lost his voice. After fourteen days he recovered it.

A short time after he returned to the hospital with complete loss of speech, immediately after a naval battle in the North Sea. He was discharged with complete recovery of his speech. On returning to duty, as soon as he stepped on board, his voice was lost again for the third time; and it never came back.

WHERE HAS THE JOY OF WAR GONE?



© E. O. Hoppé

The Countess of Warwick, in spite of her domains of twenty-three thousand acres, is a socialist. "I think that all estates should be divided among the people," she once said to an American. "But don't tell Richard [her husband] I said so!"

MEN have always taken much joy in fighting, especially in other wars, where there was probably real exhilaration in cavalry charges and hand-to-hand combats. But the machine-gun and heavy artillery have done away with any such satisfaction.

"Where, then, is the enthusiasm in which war was wont to thrive?" writes Lady Warwick in the *Bookman*. "It has gone, I think, to two classes—to those who make the munitions, and those who labor to mend some of the evils that war enforces. More than half the non-combatant world looks after the making of wounds. The residue seeks to heal them.

"Few people have any idea how the passion for munitions has fallen into our national life. In England there are twelve vast munition areas where, day by day, the output increases, as men, women, boys, and girls acquire a greater facility. Even the school-boy writes home to say that the head-master has installed a lathe and that the 'fellows' are giving so many hours a day to the national service.

"At the end of 1916 the wealth of the world stood reduced by twelve thousand million pounds. Surely, in the years to come when this madness is past, people will ask themselves: Is a government that demands such penalties for the price of its ambition to be allowed to persist?"

SHALL BOHEMIA BE FREE?

AMONG the many races and nations that go to make up Austria, two great peoples stand out—the Hungarians and the Bohemians—about equal in population. The Hungarians have been given absolute self-government; the ministers of war and foreign affairs are jointly responsible to the Austrian and Hungarian parliaments. The Bohemians, on the other hand, have no voice in the government. There is no Bohemian army—there are only regiments in the Austria-Hungarian army. In this war the Bohemians have been placed under German commanders, and driven forth to fight in a cause they detest; and in every Bohemian regiment there are incorporated forty per cent of Germans and Austrians and Hungarians to watch and control them.

Why is Bohemia cut off from any part in the Empire and held in subjugation by the Hungarians?

The story is told that, when the compact was made between Austria and Hungary, an Austrian statesman said to his Hungarian colleague: "If you look after your barbarians, we'll look after ours." These were the Czechs and the Slovacs, the Czechs being assigned to Austria, and the Slovacs to Hungary.

But the Bohemians were not barbarians. They had a great university at Prague. In no nation is the number of illiterates so small; it is less among the Bohemians themselves than among the Germans who live in Bohemia. Dvorak, the musician, and Comenius, one of the first and greatest educators, were Bohemians; and so was John Huss, the first man to give the world the idea of religious freedom.

The future of Bohemia is one of the most interesting questions of the war. What will the peace conference do for this spirited, intelligent, and gifted people?

THE BEST TRAVELERS IN THE WORLD

THE complete disappearance of birds in the fall and winter used to be considered a mystery. At one time it was thought that some birds flew to the moon, says Frank M. Chapman in *The Travels of Birds* (D. Appleton & Company). "Others, particularly the Swallows and Swifts, were believed to fly into the mud and pass the winter hibernating like frogs; while the European Cuckoo was said, in the fall, to turn into a Hawk."

It was only gradually that scientists discovered that birds have definite routes of migration, as clearly marked as a telegraph line; that, generation after generation, a bird will follow the same route his ancestors did, even though it takes him half a continent out of his way; and that, in spite of the great distances birds travel, and the dangers they encounter by the way—such as storms, telegraph wires, tall buildings, and lighthouses—they nearly always arrive on time.



This bird, not satisfied with mere migration, —the urge following of summer wherever it moves on the face of the world,—has chosen to build its nest in a freight-car. Just loves to travel!

"Year after year the Bobolink, the Baltimore Oriole, the midget Humming-bird, many Warblers, and other birds arrive from journeys thousands of miles in length on exactly or nearly the same day."

Some birds, says the writer, live off the country as they go. "But the Plover and other birds that travel overseas can not stop for meals. Like bears in winter, they must live on themselves—that is, on their fat. When they start, their body is covered with a thick layer of fat; but when they arrive at their journey's end it has disappeared."

Some birds travel only by day; others only by night, and a smaller number travel by both day and night. The day flyers are those who can fly fast enough to escape from bird-killing hawks.

"In March, in the mountains of Vera Cruz, Mexico, I once saw a flock of several thousand white Pelicans migrating northward," the author recounts. "These great birds measure eight feet from tip to tip of their outstretched wings. Their flight was not in a direct line, but in a series of interwining loops. The sun shone on their snowy plumage, and against the background of blue mountains they were as dazzling white as snowflakes in a squall. So, sweeping gracefully around each other, they were quickly lost to view."

KEEP YOUR LUMBER CLEAN

LUMBER becomes diseased, and decays. Much lumber is lost by decay; and, while this is not wholly preventable, it can be reduced to a low point by sanitation. A lumbering expert, after inspecting for many years in the East and South, noted carefully the conditions that are unfavorable to the healthy condition of lumber. The principal ones are:

Many of the yards are located in damp places.

Crops of weeds are permitted to grow about the premises, bringing dampness and poor ventilation.

Quantities of decaying wood are scattered about the ground, supplying culture beds for germs of decay.

The foundations of the lumber stack are of unsound wood, thereby communicating decay to the healthy wood.

Frequently lumber is left too long unpiled; decay gains access to it, and afterward is hard to check.

Foundations are not high enough above the ground, and circulation of air beneath the pile is hindered.

Sometimes a yard is provided with a thick layer of sawdust, with the mistaken notion that by this means a dry yard is provided for the lumber. Such a yard is sure to become a swarming-ground for decay germs. The most progressive lumbermen provide concrete foundations, which are absolutely decay-proof.

IF DOMESTIC SERVICE COULD BE MADE BEARABLE

ON the part of girls there is a growing tendency to enter shops, offices, and factories rather than to stay at home or enter domestic service. But, after twenty years have been spent in any of these occupations, it will be found that the woman who chose domestic service, if she has been thrifty, is probably as well off financially, and better off in health, than her sisters who went into factories and offices.

Office and factory work is terribly hard on girls, according to Sir Thomas Oliver in *Occupations* (Cambridge University Press). If domestic service could be made bearable for girls, the health and happiness of the world would leap forward.

Under present conditions servant girls have a dull time. Their evenings, Saturday afternoons, and Sundays are not their own, to spend as they please. For girls with an independent spirit, to be a servant is intolerable. Several changes must be made in the scheme of domestic service. The girls should have better wages, greater opportunities for rest and leisure, and decent rooms to live in. When that time comes, more girls will take up cooking—a very profitable career, for cooks are always in demand. They command high wages, and if they marry they have learned a trade that will always make them a living.

Office work is attractive to many girls because it is clean, and, if carried on in light, well ventilated offices, it is healthful. But one great objection to it is the fact that it involves too much sitting and too little exercise.



If it weren't for the long hours and meager pay, wouldn't girls like a job in a sunny kitchen, with fragrant air blowing in from the garden, better than making buttonholes in a factory?

Anemia and sclerosis are maladies most common in the early years of womanhood, and these are caused by nothing else than long-continued sitting when at work,—or its opposite, too much standing,—deprivation of fresh air, and too short intervals for taking food. The fact that until recently, in all countries, women when pregnant were allowed to keep on working in the factory and elsewhere almost to the end of the term, is no doubt to blame for most of their subsequent ill health, which shows up so terrifyingly in the statistic tables.

ALL THE FOOD ISN'T WASTED IN THE KITCHEN

A CARLOAD of oranges was shipped from Rialto, California, April 10, 1917, destination unknown. It was iced en route, and sent to Fort Worth, Texas, on the theory that the market was strong in that city. A suitable sale could not be made, so the car was re-iced, and then shipped to Cleveland, where an attempt to market it was unsuccessful.

After another change of ice, it was diverted to New York City. It arrived in Jersey City May 14, and was delivered at the Erie pier in New York May 16, thirty-six days after it had been started from California. It would have taken only twelve days in a direct trip.

Result: The New York City Health Department condemned 82 out of 420 boxes of oranges as unfit for human food. The inspector's notation was, "Loss due to too long on road." This, says *Country Gentleman*, is how profligate America is with its food supply.

The New York City Department of Health will condemn about twenty-four million pounds of food-stuffs arriving in the city during 1917, if the record of the first four months is kept up. Here are the reasons:

Goods very often too long in transit.

Poor packages and rough handling. For example, on May 17 a whole shipment of raisins, packed in frail boxes and unloaded carelessly, was condemned. Similar losses occur in egg shipments because second-hand cases are used and eggs are packed unscientifically.

A great supply of potatoes have come to New York recently from the South; but they came in the poorest quality of barrels. In one week 1200 barrels arrived wet, dirty, broken; and the railroad authorities say that about a thousand dollars' worth of potatoes are wasted every day at its piers in Jersey City.

Goods are packed in wet weather. Farmers should know that wet, perishable foods will not keep if they are packed wet.

But there are other enormous sources of waste besides transportation.

The loss s occurring in the wholesale trade are comparatively small, because wholesale dealers are the most expert handlers of food-stuffs in the whole market system. But in the retail trade the waste becomes important again. Perishable products deteriorate very quickly after they get into the hands of the retailer, and large quantities spoil before they get to the consumer. Nearly 10 per cent of all perishable products marketed are either a total loss in retail stores, or deteriorate so that they have to be sold at a sacrifice. The main reason for this is the lack of proper facilities in retail stores. Delicate commodities that have been handled in ice all the way reach the retail store only to be exposed to ordinary temperatures and the sun for hours at a time. Vegetables that are laid out fresh in the morning become wilted and sported by night.

It should be realized in this connection that the wholesale produce dealer is necessary to the retailer. If the retailer tried to buy direct from the farmer, he could not regulate his supply half so well. Retailers even use poor judgment in ordering from wholesalers. They are apt to order too much instead of too little, not realizing how serious their loss will be from spoilage.

SLOW WORK FOR SOLDIERS



Photograph by International Film Service, Inc.

Learning to keep step isn't all of a soldier's training. The French infantrymen practise like this for many hours, learning to crawl through barb-wire entanglements to the general direction of Berlin.



THE BIGGEST INCOMES IN THE WORLD

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD



ABOUT the most exciting indoor sport anywhere in the civilized world is to guess how rich one's neighbor is. "How is that fellow able to buy a twin-six?" you ask with great indignation. Or: "These people are close enough to save a million dollars. They squeeze a penny till it screams."

No matter how small the town, there is always at least one rich man in it, and generally he is known locally as a millionaire, even if no one outside the town limits has ever heard of him. There is always some one family that owns the local "utilities," the water company and the bank and a choice collection of mortgages on the homes of more improvident citizens. Usually a member of that family has given a library or a "memorial" hall or a stained-glass window.

As in every small town, so in every large city and in every civilized or even partly civilized country, there is a large crop of the "biggest" incomes, really big enough to amaze and stupefy most of us. For, despite all the exaggeration in regard to wealth, there is a stupendous amount of it concentrated in very few hands. Indeed, the number of yearly incomes ranging from $1,000,000 up to about $2,000,000,000 not only in this country but in many others, is very great, and there are two at least in the world as high as $15,000,000.

Fortunately, such mammoth fortunes do not always stay in the same families from generation to generation. Some of them do, but new fortunes are constantly growing, and old ones being scattered and lost. Just now immense numbers of new fortunes are being made out of war prosperity, especially in this country and in Japan, and to a smaller extent in England.

Now, there is no way of knowing, really and truly, exactly what these very biggest incomes amount to. You and I have no way of learning exactly what the fortunes of John D. Rockefeller, Henry Ford, Andrew Carnegie, J. P. Morgan, the ex-Czar, the Kaiser, Bertha Krupp, the Rothschilds, or any of the other world-famous rich people were or are, any more than we have of knowing precisely what the income of our neighbor, John Smith, figures up. For John Smith's receipts, unless he is some kind of public employee like a schoolteacher or a letter-carrier, are carefully concealed, nine times out of ten, from every one except the tax officials, who are sworn not to tell; and often the facts are misrepresented to them.



There are countless ways of concealing one's income. Money can be given away to wife and children before any record is made of it. Profits can be put back into business instead of being paid out as dividends. Income can be offset by merely nominal debts created for the purpose.

All these things can be, and are, done to conceal income by all sorts of people; and the very rich, through the help of lawyers, brokers, trust companies, and secretaries, have countless other ways of keeping the world from knowing how much they possess.

But, all the same, any one who really follows the subject carefully, who makes a business of it, can learn pretty accurately how rich certain people are and what their yearly incomes amount to. The local banker knows closely enough what the income of the richest local family is, if the banker really wants to know. So we can find out, from income tax figures, from occasional publication of lists of stockholders in various corporations, and from the appraisals of estates, about what the biggest incomes in this country—and in other countries—are.

Rockefeller's Income Not Known

NOW, there is very little doubt that Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller have the two biggest incomes in the world. Curiously enough, they are pretty much the same general size. There may be one or two other men in this country whose incomes in 1915 and 1916 were almost as large as Rockefeller's and Ford's, because of war-time munitions profits. But those incomes are not going to last as that rate, and there is a certain stability about the streams of wealth that flow into the pockets of Henry and John D. which is not equaled by mere upstart billionaires.

I put John D. first of all, and ahead of Ford; for, while his potential income is probably smaller than Ford's, the latter's wealth does not actually come out in dividends, the way Rockefeller's does.

The Ford Company puts an immense part of its profits back into the plant. Last year it made practically $60,000,000 profits, of which more than half belonged to Ford. But he did not take it all out in dividends, by a long shot.

In spite of innumerable facts that throw side-lights on the subject, there is no way of discovering precisely what John D.'s income is at present. One of his lieutenants stated some years ago that in his most prosperous years Mr. Rockefeller's income had been between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000. But since then he has given away several hundred million dollars on the one hand, and made several hundred million dollars in profits on his Standard Oil stocks on the other. On one single Standard Oil Company, that of Indiana, old John is receiving this year nearly $2,000,000 in dividends; and there are dozens of others. So it is safe to say that his total income is somewhere around $30,000,000 a year, perhaps a little less.

How would you spend $20,000,000 a year if you had it? How much money is it, anyway? If we took a whole division of soldiers out of the trenches, twenty thousand troops, it is unlikely that in civil life the whole army of them could earn more than Rockefeller's income. In one year his investments earn as much for him as about forty thousand average stenographers earn in a year. Assuming that Henry Ford's income is only a little less in actual distribution and a quarter or so more in possible distribution, the two of them together could have built the Panama Canal at practically the same rate of yearly expense at which the government built it.

Of course, only a crazy man with a $20,000,000 income could do anything with most of it except give it away. A man can't have more than about half a dozen houses, and of course he can't eat but one meal and wear but one suit of clothes at a time. Only a miser with an actual disease for money cares to have more than a few hundred thousand dollars lying around in cash at any one time.

Result: John D. Rockefeller's hundreds of millions of dollars are represented by little bits of paper called stocks and bonds. All he can do is to collect these pieces of paper. He can't even really control the companies they represent, because the human limitations of even the ablest man make it impossible to follow the affairs of all these companies. So he might as well give away a lot of the money.

Ford's case is a little different. His wealth is more concentrated in one company, and he can actually put the money back just to see it grow. But he has been sued by other stockholders in his company on the ground that he has put back $50,000,000 more than there was any need of. Besides, he has practically given away scores of millions of dollars in higher wages to workmen and in lower prices and rebates to owners of cars.

It may be doubted if any one else in the world has ever had an income approaching those of Rockefeller and Ford, except perhaps the Czar of Russia in his palmy days before the revolution. The ex-Czar's fortune now, along with those of his wife, son, and daughters, is said to be only a paltry four or five hundred dollars. But once—and that only a few months ago—he had a nominal control over several billion dollars, and his income was estimated all the way from $10,000,000 to $40,000,000 a year. But he surely needed the money, for out of this vast sum he had to pay the wages of some thirty thousand servants and keep up three hundred automobiles and five thousand horses. In reality, the vast income was not his own at all; but, as head of the church and of a large royal family, he nominally owned a great many things that quickly reverted to the people when they once grew tired of maintaining him.

How Long Will the Kaiser's $5,000,000 Last?

JUST so, the Kaiser is said to have an income of $5,000,000 a year, but no one cares to bet just now on how long it will last. It is not fair, anyway, to compare royal incomes with those of private persons, although some of the princes and maharajas of India have a habit of holding on to their wealth just as if it really were their own and not that of their people. The two richest princes in India, the Gaekwar of Baroda and the Maharajah Sindia of Gwalior, undoubtedly have very large incomes. Gwalior has given from $3,000,000 to $4,000,000 for relief purposes since the war began, but it is most unlikely that the income of either of these potentates reaches the $15,000,000 estimate that has been made of them. A great part of their fortunes consists of jewels which pay no interest.

Before the severe land taxes and war taxes were put into effect in England, it is possible that one or more of the great land-owning dukes almost rivaled, in their rentals received, the prodigious incomes of Rockefeller and Ford. But the rich in England have had to pay dearly for their naval protection.

Frau Krupp von Bohlen, the famous German munitions maker, has enjoyed a pretty steady income of several million dollars a year, probably close to $5,000,000. She can safely be put in the five million dollar class, which is really quite a large one in this country, although not numerous enough to be at all overcrowded. It is the second class, so to speak, and naturally has rather more members than the first class, with its lonely two. Probably one other German manufacturer, August Thyssen, the iron and steel king of that country, could have paid himself dividends enough to add up to any income he wanted. But, like Henry Ford, he has put most of the earnings back into his property.

Japan's New Millionaires

SINCE the war began in Europe it is said that one thousand new millionaires have been made in Japan. These mushroom millionaires are called *narikins* over there, and they do not have to be as rich as in this country to be considered narikins. Yet some of them have done mighty well. An energetic and ambitious but previously rather impecunious ship-owner named Uchida made more than $2,000,000 last year. Japan also has some solid millionaires who were money kings long before the war, such as Baron Shibusawa and the Mitsuis.

We are told by the official Treasury figures that more than a hundred people

Continued on page 21

BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN THE BONDS



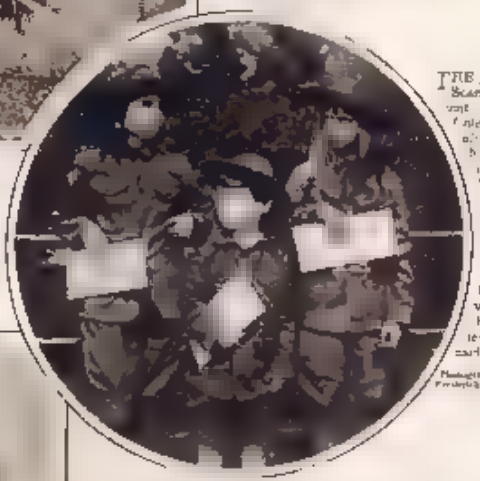
SINCE we are now all members of the U. B. O. of L. B. O. (Benevolent and Protective Order of Liberty Bond Owners), it is fitting that we should cause to appear some of our fellow members—our brothers and sisters in the bonds. First on all page: Sister Mary Walkingstroke, of the Wittenberg Washington Chapter. There is an old song to the effect that "Silent Mary walks the floor." Well, Sister Mary Walkingstroke walks as you see her here on the picture—gazing intently at her Liberty Bond lest a cyclone should come down when she wasn't looking.



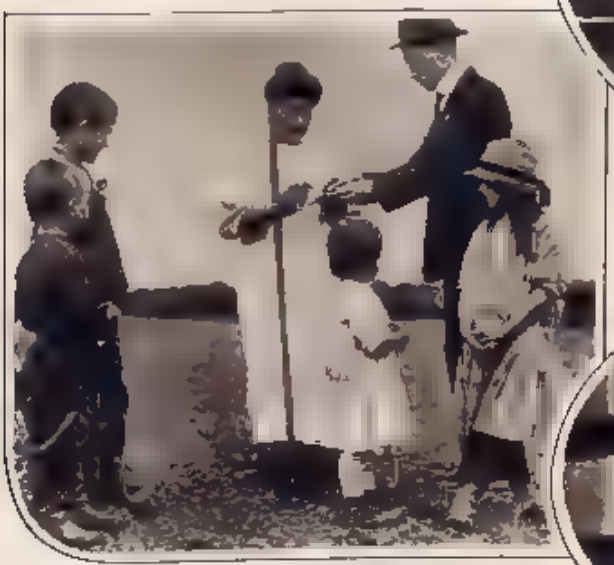
WHEN Daisy Hopkins tearfully pleaded her sister tonight during a murder she was tried before Judge Henry Robinson, who sentenced her to prison for a long long time. Daisy proved a good prisoner and was given the job of teaching the prison school in Centerville. Since Daisy can buy liberty she is buying the very best thing—Liberty Bonds. And the gentleman who is selling them to her on the picture is none other than Judge Robinson, who put her away in this nice warm place where it is so easy to save.



IF Wilhelm Hohenzollern will look thoughtfully at this page, we believe he will realize how useless it is to go on shooting and sinking and shooting. Here a little Donald Clayton, for example, has a daughter with at least sixty years of life ahead of him. Yet he's already putting the profits of his paper route into Liberty Bonds, and says he can hold out indefinitely. What a life ours Wilhelm? We've got millions of kids like Donald. And every one of them is ready to go fifty fifty with uncle Sam as long as you make it necessary.



THE John Gully Cole family of Scarsdale, New York, is 100 per cent patriotic. Mr. and Mrs. Cole and the three little Coles all made their pilgrimage to a New York bank and became owners of Liberty Bonds. Nearly one third of the total subscribed in the first loan were women. It was Anyone the women outnumbered the men buyers in the ratio of seven to three. The oldest bond buyer Mrs. Louise K. Thiers of Milwaukee, was a woman; and the youngest, Florence Estelle Rogers of Medford, Massachusetts, will be some day



PETER ONDAK, who works on the steel rolls in Gary, Indiana, is a so-called "alien enemy" and "pro-German." But Mrs Ondak wants to see that the family does its share in putting kings onto the discard just the same. She is plowing and hoeing and getting the proceeds into the Liberty Bonds. Next to Mrs. Ondak the most interesting figure in the picture to us is the gentleman with the hard-boiled hat. The earnestness with which he is pointing us the electoral line makes us believe he must have been reading Mr Collins articles published in this magazine.

LITTLE Tommy Tucker sang for his supper, but May Peterson did better than that. She went out and sang for nickels, and put the proceeds into Liberty Bonds. Also she sang the "Star-Spangled Banner" on the street corners so that men hearing it might have their patriotism stirred. With Mr Roosevelt and Miss Peterson both hunting the Hun, we think it is safe to say that the Kaiser has against him he very best lots of teeth in America.



JUST



MIDDLE-AGED folks are all right for golfers or philosophers, but it takes the young to make the world go round. Alexander Hamilton was a young upstart of seventeen when he stood up on a soap-box in City Hall Park and urged resistance to England. Joseph P. Kennedy, the youngest bank president, raised his employees of the Columbia Trust Company of Boston together recently on his twenty-fifth birthday. Work, he told them, was the secret of his early success. Mr. Kennedy steps briskly into his office at eight, and is never seen going off with his dinner-pail any earlier than six at night.

© Underwood & Underwood.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was only twenty-three when he turned traitor to his classmates and discovered the binomial theorem and it was only a little later than gravitation occurred to him. Afraid to take their time in those days. Warren, who at sixteen has distinguished himself in the British Air Navy. Before Warren arrived on the scene, his brother, E. T. Warren, was the youngest English flying man.

Photograph by [illegible]

ELSA UHLAND, our youngest college president, would be as bad as Miss Dinsmore, except that she loves sailing and tennis and snakes and hay-rides and Robin Hood. She always knew her lessons, and her teachers loved her. She earned off Phi Beta Kappa at the University of Minnesota, and later, as a teacher in Gary, Indiana, she stayed in all one Saturday afternoon to work. Whereupon some important gentlemen who were looking for "the very person" to run the new Carson College for Orphan Girls happened in, met Miss Uhland, and carried her off to Philadelphia. "What are you going to give your orphans?" we asked Miss Uhland. "The joy of life and the joy of work, if we can," said she.



PERHAPS, after all, it's the teens, not the twenties, that furnish all the dynamic force in the world. Abner Doble of Detroit, an inventor and engineer still in his twenties, had been thinking about his steam-car for nine years before he put it on the market last year. Two days after the first advertisement appeared, the post-office refused to deliver the mail it had stacked, and Mr. Doble and his associates had to send a car for it three times a day. The young inventor is now vice-president of the engineering company that his car started.





ALEXANDER, holder of the world's record in conquest, subdued Greece and destroyed Thebes when he was twenty-one. But, of course, he ought to have amounted to something by that time. Henry Herbert Evans of Aurora, Illinois, is already at sixteen, a railroad director and expects to be a railroad president in no time. Mr. Evans is always punctual in arriving at directors' meetings, and equally punctual in leaving, for during the school year much of his time is needed out on the field as quarter-back with the East High lightweights.



Photograph by Harris Ewing.

AFTER Albert and Charles Boni (this is Charles) had been in Harvard College for a while, they wrote as follows to their father and mother in Newark, New Jersey: "*Dear Parents.* Will you please send us the money you have put aside for our higher education? We have decided to go into the publishing business." Recently the firm of Boni & Liveright invented the Modern Library, by means of which every soldier and sailor can carry his Shaw and Ibsen to the front without breaking the family set.

KIDS





BEING a secretary at Washington these days is, of course, a great deal harder than being a Cabinet officer. The press secretary has no protection. He has to see every one who runs in to tell his boss how to run his job, while his boss only has to talk to the cream of the people who agree with him. If you were to tell Secretary of War Baker just what he ought to do about the war it would probably be Ralph A. Hayes, the youngest secretary in Washington, who would tell you that your visit had been most worth while and just which door to leave by.

Photograph by Harris & Ewing



"KEEP the Home Fires Burning," the song that the British Tommies took up after poor Tipperary had been worn to a frazzle, was written by Ivor Novello, one of the most successful of the younger composers. Novello, who is just twenty, is responsible for the scores of two of the current London musical plays. Tunes have been popping into his head with increasing regularity ever since he was thirteen.

Photograph from Edward B. Perkins



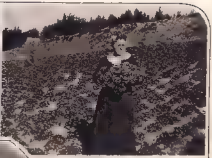
LAFAYETTE had just entered twenty when he printed "Why not?" on a flag, nailed it to the mast, and sailed across the sea to help the American colonies win their freedom. At the same age, Clara Ruth Mozzer waved the same query at Denver University and the Colorado Law School, and talked through both on the money she earned reporting outside hours on the Denver papers. When she appeared to plead her first case, she looked so young that the judge refused to believe she was a lawyer; but now that she is twenty-three, the Attorney-General has shattered all precedent, both as to age and sex, and appointed her his first assistant "pursuant to the united request of the Democratic women of the State."



LAST year Joy Young, of Leesburg, Virginia, youngest of the suffrage pickets, took bouquets to President Wilson with sweet little notes in the midst rainy days. "Please may we have the vote?" "But he didn't do anything about it," says Miss Young. "So this year, with a dozen others, I stood outside the west gate with a banner which read, 'Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.' But which they all again those cheerful days in jail. What a position is Mr. Wilson in! Heads—he has to give the vote as a reward to the women who don't picket; tails—he gives it to make the pickets stop. Either way, our wife gets it.

MARY, MARY, PECUNIARY





WHOEVER it was that asked Maud to "come into the garden" doubtless wanted to ask Maud for the loan of a couple of hundred for a few days. Gardens used to be sentimental, impractical affairs: but no longer. Mrs. L. Helen Fowler, who lives near Washington, D. C., has the largest water-lily garden in America, three thousand buds before breakfast in the morning being a common day's crop. The lilies pay a handsome profit, and—just as a side line—Mrs. Fowler cleared an extra $3000 last year from the sale of fish-aquarium moss.



"WHAT'S that you got in your hand?" asks the first Jewish comedian. To which the other replies, "Violence for my wife." The violets that you buy for your wife on the day after the evening when you forgot to come home are as likely as not grown by Mrs. [illegible] of California, who covered up her typewriter for the last time some years ago, and announced that she meant to be a violet farmer. The first year she lost all her money in digging wells that simply would not fill up with water but she stuck to it, and now grows more violets than any other woman in the country.



WHO is that standing under the spreading chestnut tree? Not the village blacksmith, but, as we live and breathe, a lady. It is none other than Mrs. Eugene Hawkins of Tennessee, who has built up a business unique in the world. She gathers seed from forest trees, and ships them to anybody who wants to plant a forest. A recent order was for enough seed to plant more than a thousand miles of highway.





THE war may go merrily on in Europe. Germans may battle with Frenchmen and Serbians with hungry Austrians. But in Mrs. Frances B. Cleveland's garden the German iris grows peacefully beside the Japanese, Serbian, English, Spanish, and Dutch. Mrs. Cleveland took a corner of her husband's farm, and raises more than a hundred and twenty-five varieties of iris altogether. Except for a brief drooping of the heads of the German iris on the day when the *Lusitania* was sunk, one would never know from the flowers that there is any war at all.

MRS. Myrtle Shepherd Francis of Ventura, California, is the foremost woman plant breeder of this country. Her remarkable achievement in creating the double petunia has brought her recognition from three great universities—Cambridge (England), Columbia, and Berkeley. She is the only woman ever appointed to serve on an International Jury of Horticulture. We did not know there was such a jury; we suppose its business is to bring in verdicts against offending flowers and plants. What has been decided, we wonder, in the case of the People vs. Garlic?

THE good old "every eve I bring thee roses" type of song seems to have passed into temporary eclipse—self-grounded, as it were. Yet Mrs. A. J. Van Der Vies of Virginia reports no slackening in the demand for her crops. Last year she sold more than ten thousand two-year-old rose bushes from her garden, which seven years ago was nothing but a plowed field. So well have the roses done that Mrs. Van Der Vies has added lilies as a side line.

DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES




For Automobile Tops and Upholstery


For Boat Cushion and Upholstery


For Furniture Upholstery


For Bags Trunks and Suit Cases


For Book Binding


For Home Decoration

Uncle Sam Knows the Real Answer—

NOT ENOUGH!

Save Leather for Soldiers

TO make America's hide supply go as far as possible, hides are being split into five or more thin sheets, but, even this saving scheme fails to meet the requirements for soldiers shoes harness, equipment, ship upholstery, factory needs, etc., chiefly because too much hide leather is used by the public in places where high grade leather substitutes will serve as well or better.

For instance, the leather upholstery of one average size automobile would make twenty pairs of soldiers shoes. For years America's largest producers of automobiles have successfully used Motor Quality Fabrikoid for upholstering their cars. Thousands of owners never even knew their cars were not upholstered in leather because Fabrikoid looks and feels just like the finest leather and actually wears better than the coated split leather most used for upholstery of automobiles not covered with Fabrikoid.

Again, the furniture you buy with leather upholstery is probably covered with split leather that will not give service equal to

DU PONT FABRIKOID
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Craftsman Quality

The genuine cowhide leather [illegible] of [illegible] will probably reveal on inspection [illegible] covering is only a pasted-on [illegible] of split leather not much thicker or stronger than this sheet of paper.

[illegible] that some few high priced automobiles and [illegible] furniture are upholstered in genuine grain leather of good [illegible] and bags and [illegible] a price that are [illegible] cowhide.

[illegible] leather should [illegible] more necessary uses.

Uncle Sam Has Set the Pace

The new U. S. motor trucks and [illegible] will be upholstered [illegible]

[illegible] been [illegible]

The upholstery specifications for the new Merchant [illegible]

What Uncle Sam has found by experience and tests good enough for the Government's severest requirements should be good enough for every loyal American.

How You Can Help

If you are a manufacturer using leather probably part or all of your requirements can be met by some grade of Fabrikoid. While not feasible for every use of leather the illustrations herewith show its wide range of [illegible]

If you use leather in your home for any purpose [illegible] the proper grade of Fabrikoid [illegible]

When buying an automobile [illegible] Fabrikoid upholstery [illegible]

[illegible] harness [illegible]

[illegible] co-operate with you.

[illegible] samples [illegible] manufacturers of [illegible] Fabrikoid and of [illegible] by the yard.

DU PONT FABRIKOID COMPANY

WILMINGTON — *World's Largest Manufacturers of Leather Substitutes* — DELAWARE

Factories at Newburgh, N. Y. [illegible], N. J. Fairfield, Conn. Toronto, Ont.

DU PONT

Youth Challenges

By

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Illustration by Lucius W. Hitchcock



I'm going to tell this—this murderer what he is, and then I'm going to throw him on "Dobie ... ."

THE world owes no small part of its advancement to the reflections of men in jail.

Bonbright, alone in the darkness of his cell, was admirably situated for concentrated thought. All through the sleepless night ... His one ... conclusion ... wrong ... labor was wrong ... the whole ... upon which society is organized ... It was an exceedingly sweeping conclusion. He could see no ray of light.

Singularly, his own immediate problem did not present itself insistently until daylight. What would the authorities do with him? How was he to get his liberty? He could not ask his father to help him, for he did not want his father ever to know what had happened. Suddenly Malcolm Lightener occurred to him.

After a time the doorman appeared with breakfast.

"Can I send a message?" asked Bonbright.

... "

"Maybe ... " ...

"... telephone Mr. Malcolm Lightener that the younger of the gentlemen he called on last evening is here and would ... see him."

"Lightener—the automobile feller?"

"Yes."

"Friend of yours?"

"Yes."

"I ..."

The doorman disappeared, to return presently with the lieutenant.

"What's this about Malcolm Lightener?" the officer asked.

"I gave this man a message for him," said Bonbright.

"Is it on the level? You know Lightener?"

"Yes," said Bonbright impatiently.

"Then what the devil did you stay here all night for? Why didn't you have him notified last night? Looks fishy to me."

"It will do no harm to deliver my message," said Bonbright.

"Huh. Let him out."

The doorman swung wide the barred door, and the lieutenant motioned Bonbright out.

"Come and set in the office," he said. "Maybe you'd rather telephone yourself."

"If I might," said Bonbright, amazed at the potency of Lightener's name to open cell doors.

He was conducted into a small office; then the lieutenant retired discreetly and shut the door. Bonbright made his call, and asked for Malcolm Lightener.

"Hello—hello," came Lightener's gruff voice. "What is it?"

"This is Bonbright Foote. I'm locked up in the Central Station. I wonder if you can help me somehow."

There was a moment's silence, then "I'll be right there. Hold the fort."

IN twenty minutes Lightener's huge form pushed through the station door.

"Morning, Lieutenant. Got a friend of mine here?"

"Didn't know he was a friend of yours, Mr. Lightener. He's in my office."

Lightener strode into the room and shut the door.

"Well?" he demanded.

Breathlessly, almost without pause, Bonbright poured out his account of last night's happenings, unconsciously giving Lightener glimpses into his heart that made the big man bend his brows ominously.

"I don't want father to know this," Bonbright said—"if it can be kept out of the papers. Father wouldn't understand. He'd feel I had disgraced the family."

"Doggone the family!" snapped Lightener. "Come on."

Bonbright followed him out.

"May I take him along, Lieutenant? And say—happen to recognize him?"

"Never saw him before."

"If any of the newspaper boys come snoopin' around, you never saw me, either. Much obliged, Lieutenant."

"You're welcome, Mr. Lightener. Glad I could accommodate you."

Lightener pushed Bonbright into his limousine.

"You don't want to go home, I guess. We'll go to my house. Mother'll see you get breakfast, then we'll have a talk. Here's a paper boy, let's see what's doing."

It was the morning penny paper that Lightener bought, the paper with leanings toward the proletariat, the vocal champion of labor.

"Huh," he grunted as he scanned the first page. "They kind of allude to you."

Bonbright looked. He saw a two-column heading.

YOUNG MILLIONAIRE LAUDS ON POLICE

The story ... the police ... barbarously charged a harmless gathering of working men, ... and maiming half a dozen, and ... demanded that they charge again.

"It—it isn't fair!" Bonbright said chokingly.

"Fairness," said Lightener, almost with gentleness, "is expected only when we are young."

"But I didn't! I tried to stop them."

"... try to tell anybody so—you won't be believed."

"I'm going to tell somebody," said Bonbright, his mind flashing to Ruth Frazer, "and I'm going to be believed. I've got to be believed."

After a while he resumed:

"I wasn't taking sides. ... there to see. If I've got to hire men all my life ... to understand them."

"You've got to take sides, son. There's no straddling the fence in this world. And as soon as you've taken sides, your own side is all you'll understand. Nobody ever understood the other side."

As the car stopped at Malcolm Lightener's door, panic seized Bonbright.

"... ought not to come here," he said, "after last night. Mrs. Lightener—your daughter—"

"I'll bet Hilda's worrying you more than her mother. Nonsense. They've ..."

...

"... him out of the police station," ... and said, as he led the uncomfortable Bonbright into her presence. "... been up all night. ... at the cops."

Mrs. Lightener looked at Bonbright.

"You let him be, Malcolm ... him. You just go right upstairs with him. A warm bath and breakfast are what you need. You don't look as if you'd slept a wink."

"... haven't," he confessed.

When Bonbright emerged from his bath, he found that the motherly woman

READ THIS: THEN START THE STORY

[illegible]

had sent out to a haberdasher's for a fresh shirt, collar, and tie.

"... you won't be afraid ..." ... said Lightener, entering the room. "Grapefruit, two soft-boiled eggs, toast, coffee. Some prescription."

Hilda was in the library, and greeted him as if it were an ordinary occurrence to have a young man just out of the cell block as a breakfast guest. She did not refer to it, nor did her father, at the moment. Bonbright was grateful again.

After breakfast the boy and girl were left alone in the library briefly.

"I'm ..."

"... Dad's told us all about it. I thought the other night I should like you. Now I'm sure of it."

"You're good," he said.

He sat silent, thinking.

"Do you know," he said presently, "what a lot girls have to do with making a fellow's life endurable? Since I ... I've felt really ...

... of a thing, but she grins at all the world. Socialist, too, or anarchist, or something. I made them give her to me for my secretary, so I could see her grin once in a while."

"..."

"I don't know her," said Bonbright. "She's just my secretary. I'll bet she'd be bully to know."

HILDA would not have been a woman had she not wondered about this girl who had made such an impression on Bonbright.

Malcolm Lightener entered the room. "Clear out, honey," he said. "Foote ...

... volcano," she said to Bonbright, "don't be afraid. He just rumbles. Pompeii is in no danger."

... her father said.

... were about ...

... your father raise the devil? Maybe ... like to have me go along when ...

... to you. You're a young idiot, all right, but there's something about you. Let's start off with this: You've got something that's apt to get you into hot water. Either it's fool curiosity or genuine interest in folks. I don't know which. Neither fits into the Bonbright Foote ... father or your ancestors, whatever kind of fools I may personally think they are. What I want to say is: if you ever kick ... traces, drop in and tell me about ... see you on your road."

... said Bonbright, not half comprehending.

"I advise no boy to run against his father's wishes. But everybody starts out with something in him that's his own—individual, peculiar to him. Maybe it's what the preachers call his soul ... Whatever ... body pump it out of you and fill ... with a standardized solution ...

"I think so."

"I guess that's about all from me ... run along to your dad. Got any idea ...

... thing more than a ...

... Maybe I didn't go about it the way I should, but I *intended* right. At least, I didn't intend ... father will be—displeased. I ... think I can explain it to him."

"...?" grunted Lightener.

"... guess that's it, try," Bonbright ... think I'll go along and have it ...

... Malcolm Lightener ... remark to his wife, ... perfectly ...

"Some sons get born into the wrong families."

Bonbright entered his office with the sensations of a culprit approaching an ...

Presently he was aware that his father stood in the door, scrutinizing him. Bonbright's eyes encountered his father's ... to look.

"..." the elder Foote said coldly.

... the name of Foote through the daily press as if it were that of some dancing girl or political mountebank and have no reference made to it? ... me exactly what happened last night—and why it was permitted to happen."

"Father," Bonbright's voice was scarcely audible, yet it was alive and quivering with pain. "I can not talk ... about last night."

Bonbright was not defiant. His night's ... nces had affected, were affecting, working far-reaching changes in him ... But he was too close to them for their effect to have been accomplished.

"You must not cross-question ..." he went on. "There are things about ... one's own father ... derstand it. No one has the right to ask about it."

"It happened to you. You, as an individual, are not important, but as Bonbright Foote VII you become important. Do you imagine you can ... an entity distinct from ... things than family."

His father had advanced toward his son's desk. Now he interrupted by bringing his hand down upon it.

"... for you there is no bigger thing than family. ... this sort of thing being taught in college to-day? I suppose you have some notion of asserting your individuality. Bosh! Your individuality must express the individuality of your family, as mine has done, and as my father's and his father's did before me. I insist that ...

... y, but I can not."

THERE was no outburst of passion from the father; it would have been wholly out of keeping with his character. Bonbright Foote VI was a strong man, in his way; he possessed force of character, even if that force were merely a standardized, family-molded force of character. He perceived that here was a dangerous ... which must be cured—but not by seizing it and wrenching it into place.

"Let me point out to you," said ... "that you are here only because you are my son and the descendant of our forefathers. Suppose, as I have the authority to do, I should send you out of this office to earn your own living? Suppose I should find it necessary to disown you ... would you do? ...

... k it over, my son. In the ... time, we will postpone this matter until you revise your mood."

He turned abruptly and went into his own office. He wanted to consider. He ... fancied that he was acting wisely ... diplomatically, but at the same time he carried away with him the unpleasant consciousness that victory lay, for the moment, with his son. Individuality was briefly triumphant. One thing was clear to him—it should not remain so.

Bonbright's feeling, as his father left him, was one of utter helplessness. First in his mind was the fact that he did not ... do—did not even know ... to do. All he could see

When a Snail Gets Excited



and opens up the high speed lever and steps on the gas and uses every atom of power he's got, he makes a speed of *ten feet a day* and thinks he's breaking all records. He doesn't ... that ... creeping, crawling, walking things are getting farther in an hour than *he does in a week*.

Likewise some business men don't realize *how slow they're going.* Some bus...

...



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was the groove he was in, the family groove. He did not like it, but he was not sure he wanted to be out of it. His father had talked of individuality. Bonbright did not know whether he wanted

One thought persisted through the chaos of his surging thoughts. He must call in Ruth Frazer and explain to her that he had not done what the papers said he did. Somehow he felt that he owed her an explanation—her of all the world.

he pushed; but there was not the broad smile the grin he looked up eagerly to see. She was grave; she was troubled.

that she did not raise her eyes

desk.

"Miss Frazer—" he began, and at his time she looked at him.

II

sleepless night. She could not help soften-

d it do? But I want you to

thou

us must believe me!" I did not run to

lers

and I thought I might find out something

sides. I don't know who is right and who

for throwing bricks. I could have thrown

policeman shoved me, and I could have

there are no he strikes and mobs who want

blot out a picture painted on his mind

Than he spoke more calmly:

"The police didn't understand, either. They thought I belonged to the mob, and they arrested me. I spent the night in a

Ruth was leaning over the desk toward

It would be terrible if they kept on be-

ou are—"

can't be helped. I don't know that it

matters. What they think about me is what—it is thought best for them to think. I am supposed to be fighting the strike."

"But aren't you?"

assigned to me. But I'm doing nothing. I'm of no consequence—just a stuffed

"You caused the strike."

"I?" There was genuine surprise in his voice. "How

"I suppose so," he said slowly. "My name was signed to it, wasn't it? You see, I had been indiscreet the night before. I had mingled with the men and spo

"I don't understand, Mr. Foote."

"No," he said, "of course. should you? I don't understand my

but it wasn't considered right—was co

the men. I'm against them. I'm Bonbright Foote VII." There was a trace of bitterness in his voice as he said it, and it

parently I must. If strikes are necessary, then I suppose fellows in places like mine

rmy go you ensure it? Why don't you

again

am siding with the men."

happy. You're being made miserable. strikers—and by your own father! Every-

R

thus Miss Frazer—lives in the same house with Dulac, the strike-leader. She comes of a family of disturbers herself. Probably she is very useful to Dulac where she is. Therefore you will dismiss her at

"But, father—"

"At once," said his father, capping his

Bonbright's sensation was akin to that

upon him how utterly futile he was.

He could not resist. Protestation would only humiliate him. He turned slowly and walked into his own room, where he stood erect before his desk.

"Miss F

was led to the window, where he stood tense, tortured by humiliation, gazing down upon a street that he could not

R

have no doubts. Love comes to them unmistakably. But not so with most. It is a thing to be wept over and prayed

or the other.

Dulac had been interrupted in what

him thrilled her. He wanted her; this

Dulac was clearly superior to most o

of Bonbright Foote, who had

She found herself seeing young Foote objectively conscious of this, she felt he

meanness. And at need dollars a week to keep th of life in us."

"Don't worry about that, moth Ruth said quickly. "There are plenty of

"Who fired you?" interrupted Dulac,

That's the way they fight: striking at us answer with bricks—"

Ruth said. "I think he was made to,"

You Couldn't Shoot the President Even if You Wanted To



IN every crowd the President faces there is likely
would like to kill him. But since the assassination of McKinley the Secret
Service has so developed its system of protec
be shot down, one after another, before the President c

Mr Wilson almost invariably rides in an automobile. As soon as he and his companions have entered the motor, Secret Service men take their places on
g-board of the car, one on each side, scanning the line of the crowd
slightest indication of a disturbance, and incidentally presenting
ual shield. A third Secret Service man stands next to the ch
squarely in front of the President, and also as a lookout position to sweep the
ewd. For the best, most cool-headed shot in the world it would be a mere matter of luck to get the man he wanted, considering the swift run of the motor, the bustling of the crowd, and the interference of these three guards

"Nonsense. Too bad the boys d
get their hands on him last night—the whippersnapper! Well, don't you worry about that job. Nor you, either, Mrs. Frazer."

"Seems like I never did anything but
f it wasn't about one thing it was
—and no peace since I was in the
and Mrs. Frazer dolefully. "If it ain't the rent, it a strikes and rents and husband's comin' home to sleep in bed or his name in the paper in the morning and

a gob before to-morrow night. We won't starve or be put out into the street."

MRS. FRAZER dabbed at her eyes with her apron, and signified her firm belief that capital was banded together for the sole purpose of causing her mental

seldom enough, and her never doing a wrong to a living body—capital should
or certain plagues and
as hinted at as adequate but

the table and went out into the kitchen to bring in the pie.

Mrs. Frazer," said Dulac, when she returned, "I've got to hurry downtown to headquarters, but I want to leave a little

orm, and a few thousand times since. Guess I can get through with it without her help at least once more."

Dulac smiled so that his white teeth showed evenly. In that moment Ruth

again about his appearance—survey something exotic. He had a power of fascination, and its spell was upon her.

He stood up and walked to the door of the little parlor, where he stood waiting.

going to say passed by him into the room. He closed the door.

You know what I want to say," he began, approaching close to her, but not touching her. "You know what life will be like with a man whose work is what mine is. But I'd try to make up for the hardships and the worries and the disagreeable things. I'd try, Ruth, and I think I could do it. If I'm willing to run the risks and live the life I have to live because I see how I can help along the work, I've thought you might be willing to share it all. You're brave. You come of

m suffer. Your father was a martyr—just as I am willing to be a martyr."

Somehow, the thing did not seem so much like a proposal of
a bit of flamboyant oratory. The theatrical air of the man, his self-consciousness, —with the saving leaven of unquestionable sincerity,—made it more like a speech from the platform. Even in his

out of character.

But this was not apparent to Ruth. Glamour was upon her, blinding her. The personality of the man dominated her personality. She saw him as he saw himself. And his cause was her cause. If he would have suffered martyrdom for so would she.

She raised her eyes to his, and looking into them saw a soul greater than his soul, lofticr than his soul. She was an apostle.

joy that this man of high, self-s
ing purpose should desire her. She was ready to surrender, her decision was made. Standing under his blazing eyes

sure that she loved him.

But the surrender was not to be made then. Her mother rapped on the door.

"Yo
she ca

aunty. She wavering, was present again.

"I—oh, let me think! To-morrow—I'll tell you to-morrow."

SHE stepped
dining-room, but its
Foote. Dulac saw, too.

"What does he want here?" he demanded savagely.

"I don't know."

"Mr. Dulac!" she said, and faced him. He stopped, furious though he was.

"Please sit down," she said. "I want to bring him in here. It may do some good."

She stepped to the dining-room. "Mr. Foote, she said

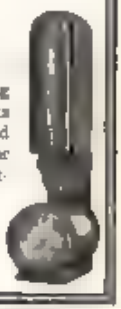
He was embarrasse

"Miss Frazer," he said with boyish hesitation, "you don't want to see me—you have no reason to do anything but—despise me, I guess. But I had to come. I found your address and came as quickly as I could



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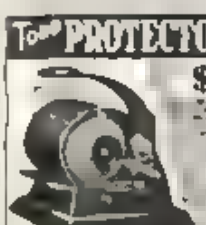


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she said then. You and Mr Dulac have met

Dulac stood scowling "Yes." he said flushed and m suddenly possessed by a gust n passion. He strode threateningly to Bonbright lips snarling, eyes blazing

"What do you mean by coming here? What do you want?" he demanded hoarsely "You come here with hands red with blood. Two men are dead four others smashed under the hoofs of your police! You're trying to starve into submission thousands of men You're striking at them through their wives and babies. What do you care f them or their suffering You and your and every ir of a

of food and you'll have killed them You and your kind are blood-suckers parasites And you're a sneaking, spying hound. Every man that dies, every baby that starves every ounce of woman's suffering and misery that this strike causes are on your head. You forced the strik backed up by the millions of the ant mobile crowd, so you could crush and smash your men so they wouldn't dare to mutter or complain. You did it deliberately—you prowling, pampered puppy

Dulac was working himself into blind

Bonbright looked at the man with something of amusement, but with nothing of fear He was not afraid He did give back a step but, as he stood bite to the lips, his eyes steadily on Dulac's eyes, he seemed older and

coness and buoyancy of youth. He was thinking, wondering. Why should this man hate him? Why should others hate him? Why should the class he belonged to be hated with this blighting virulence by the class they employed

d stood by the situation snatch beyond her control. She was terrified yet, even in her terror she could not avoid a sort of subconscious comparison of the

r Dulac Please! Please!" she said m going to tell this this murderer what he is, and then I m going to throw him out!" Dulac raged

r Foote came to see r Ruth said with awakened spirit

Dulac turned on her

"What is this cub to you What do

I hate to come

"What do you want with her? You ve kicked her out of your office—now leave her alone. There s just one thing men of your class want of girls of her class

BONBRIGHT'S face reddened

"Dulac," he said evenly, "I came today something to Miss Frazer When I have done I'm going to thrash you for that."

Ruth seized Dulac's arm

"Go away!" she cried "You have no right— If you ever want an answer— that question you'll go now. If this goes on if you don't go and leave Mr Foote alone, I'll never see you again I'll never speak to you again. I mean it!"

Dulac, looking into her face, saw that she did mean it. He shot one malignant glance at Bonbright, snatched his ha from the table, and rushed from the room

Presently Ruth spoke

I'm sorry," she said.

Bonbright smiled

"It was too bad He believes what he says about me"

"Yes, he believes it and thousands of They hate you

"Because I have lots of money an have little. Because I own a they work in it There must be a great deal to it besides that But that isn t what s come to say it was about d

I knew it wasn' r father made you."

Father made me discharge you—I n't help it And you don't know how ashamed it made me to know I was so helpless. And sometimes it isn't easy get another position, so—so I went r a man, Malcolm Eighteen, and told h about you. He manufactures automobiles, and he s—he's a better kind of man to work for than—we were. If you are willing, you can go there in the morning.

She showed him her smile now—not the grin, but a dewy, tremulous smile

That was good of you," she said ly

It was just trying to be square," he said "Will you take the place? I should like to know I d helped to make things right"

"Of course I shall take it," she said "Thank you. I shall miss you. Really Good night, Miss Frazer—and thank you

She pitied him from her heart His passion was not a pleasant one And she spoke on impulse, not calculating possible complications

"If—you may come to see me again if you want to."

He took her extended hand

"I may?" he said almost incredulously "And will you smile for me"

"Once, each time you come," she said.

To be continued next week

Her Boy —*Continued from page*

playing on Broadway. The head waiter adjusted his black tie and said Number 42 might be back any time.

"Did you hear anything they said to each other?" asked Proudfoot. This is arrant

ife and death!" added Lily dra-

could not just recall," replied the other man, flicking some crumbs from his coat cuff. "I think Number 42 was a friend of his. He seemed to be trying to beg him not to do something."

Cassius choked, coughed, seized a glass of water and gulped it down. He stared ily stared at him. There was no for each other in their expres-

tumbling over and mind Would Abbie he tory? Was God going to punish him at last for having Leslie Stower discharged? What would his doctor say if he could see his patient now! Copper was on the rise The market in the morning would show a life in the street But if Leslie Stower alive and well, would we k in bottom could

aid. The quarter hours fled. They were filled with miserable pictures of young owner—on his way to the morgue.

sir, the boy was very low in the menu, said Number 42, who had long black hair that fell over his eyes when he

or was going up to the Maylesfield. He had heart of a job up there. It's a very

there was no use to try for it; but h would go, sir. He said he wanted to mak one more try before the end."

Proudfoot swallowed

gency

"You oughtn't to waste all this time on

her ne "I'll bet you're something important

Cassius shook his head No," said he. Not"

None the less, it was a great shock to him to find that it was daylight

Daylight—the brightening gray of morning! Cassius Proudfoot could not remember such an upset of system. H stunned. He felt a terrible guilt He gazed at the windows of the at the fine rain, at the umbrellas of early He felt the interest that one feels in the streets of a new country

THE Maylesfield is an apartment where those who care to make the show spend ten, twelve, and fifteen thousand dollars a year in rent. It is made of Bedford stone cut in great blocks, it faces on Park Avenue, and grand simplicity was the architect's key-note A great arch suggests a portal through which kings and princes might pass. Set into this portal is a mas- in grill, and in the center of this grill are heavy plate-glass doors.

As the limousine drove up, one of these doors was opened, and standing in the opening, clad in a uniform of magnificence done in blue and gold, was a proud figure head erect, body straight, and a face that wore the expression of a conqueror t is my Leslie!" cried Lily

e climbed over Cassius, pushed open the limousine door, and rushed inward young Stower At this moment the sun burst through the clouds, its great pour of radiance fell upon the humbl lie Stower. With a cry of ecstasy, Lily threw her arms around his neck.

Cassius Proudfoot could hear their voices after a moment

"Nothing to it," said Stower It was because I'm the kind of fellow I am. They can't keep me down. Nothing to I'm on the door and half days-times one week, nights the next see? Twice the Nothing to it, Lily— see? And if anybody me this job, tell 'em it was personality—just personality."

Cassius smiled. A warmth cam his heart—a great new warmth. I e years slide away Something that the

big American business man had lost had returned He climbed out of the limousine.

Oh, the gentleman!" exclaimed Lily

Huh," said Leslie contemptuously

Yes, I'm sorry And I want to say this I'd like to do something for you."

"What can you do for me!

Stower. "Money? I don t want your money, as Lily don t want it. Influence? Nix A feller who can get fired at ten o'clock at night and go out and cinch a new job and be on it at six o clock in the morning don't need nothing. All I want is my job and my girl and a chance."

again bowed his head

Then there s nothing I can do for you?" he asked

The boy straightened up, looked around at Lily, drew in a deep full breath, and spoke in a low voice He said

"Yes. You can break me for this if you want. But I thought all night about what can do for me. Go straight to—"

"Hush!" said Proudfoot gently "I know this is a great moment for you—and for me. But remember you are in the presence of a lady."

THE sunlight was streaming into his apartment windows when Proudfoot returned Sparrows perched on the sills outside and twittered about the return of fair weather Abbie's door was still closed, and, though he wanted to wake her, he did not. It was still too early

ding a tune of his youth, he stood in window where the sunlight was warm, and looked out at the blue sky and its great billowy white clouds which ever changed their form in the morning breeze.

At last!

No money could buy ess," he said at last. "No, Cassius Proudfoot, you've learned it at last—human beings aren't production units nor an economic mass.

No one has ever invented any substitute for the personal touch."

He kicked at a rose in the carpet with the toe of his shoe. Once more he whistled.

A tap on the door silenced him.

"It was a young lady, sir," said the bell-boy. "She left this for you. That all, sir?"

"Good morning!" said Cassius suddenly. "How are you this morning?"

The boy grinned.

"Fine and dandy. How are you, Mr. Proudfoot? Is that all, sir? Thank you, sir."

Cassius tore open the envelop. A little silver stamp-box dropped out into his great palm.

"Huh!" he ejaculated. "And a note."

Leslie is sorry [it said]. I made him see. You are not used to people. This stamp-box belonged to me—nothing much, but it will remind you of your kindness to us. L.B.V.

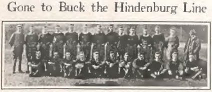
Cassius stared down at the bit of silver.

"This will remind me of my kindness," he repeated. "Yep, I *need* that."

When Abbie came out of her bedroom at eight-thirty, he was leaning back in the brocade upholstered chair, fast asleep. There was a smile upon his face and a little silver stamp-box was clasped tightly in his powerful hand.

"I wonder why he got up so early," said Abbie Proudfoot. "He looks so young! After all, Cassius is just my dear, good boy."

Gone to Buck the Hindenburg Line



THE University of Oregon had a champion football team in 1916. It cleaned up everything in sight on the Coast, and even administered a 14—0 defeat to the University of Pennsylvania in a game played at Pasadena on the first of this year.

Here's the team—and here's the interesting thing about it:

Every single man on the team, and every substitute, with one exception, has enlisted for service in Fance. The one exception is a married man who has been exempted, and is doing his bit by managing a big ranch.

Is it still worth while to go on with it, Wilhelm? What do you think?

The Biggest Incomes in the World

Continued from page 10

in this country paid taxes last year on incomes of more than $1,000,000. But there are no official figures made public to classify the tax-payers above $1,000,000. To a certain extent it is guess-work to say which are the five, the three, and the two million dollar people; yet there is plenty of circumstantial evidence.

It is safe to say that in the $5,000,000 class the surest members are, first of all, George F. Baker, the New York banker, and the Harkness family, ranking next to John D. Rockefeller as owners of Standard Oil stock. Then come the estate of the late Colonel Oliver H. Payne, another big Standard Oil man; the Marshall Field estate; Henry C. Frick, who was one of Andrew Carnegie's partners; possibly Carnegie himself, in spite of his having given away large sums; probably James Stillman, the New York banker, and possibly J. Ogden Armour, the meat packer.

Enough is known from published lists of stockholders to place these men and their families pretty accurately. In the case of Baker, enough has actually been published to account for at least $3,000,000 a year without counting in reinvestments of unspent income. His holdings in his own bank, in the "Steel Trust," in the Bell telephone system, and in half a dozen railroads have been made public. As for the Harkness family, enough is known of the holdings of three or four members to place their total wealth up toward $200,000,000. Marshall Field died a good many years ago, leaving something like $50,000,000 in the best of stocks. Some authorities say that this has since grown to nearly $200,000,000. At any rate, it is mostly owned by one very young man, now in the Illinois cavalry.

Then, there are Vincent Astor, Viscount Astor in England; William A. Clark, former senator and mine-owner; Arthur C. James, mine-owner; Mrs. Harriman, Mrs. Russell Sage, Colonel Green, the son of the late Hetty Green; J. P. Morgan, and one or two of his richest partners; W. K. Vanderbilt the elder, the Brady estate, the Widener estate, the Duke family, Commodore Morton Plant, the Archbold, Flagler, and other Standard Oil estates, the Standard Oil Pratt family, Henry Phipps, one of Carnegie's partners, George Eastman, the photograph king, and, finally, a group of men especially enriched since the war began, such as the du Ponts, Charles M. Schwab, August Heckscher, and such automobile kings as Durant and Willys. All these men must have incomes of around $2,000,000 a year, or more, if known facts are any criterion. Then there are families celebrated chiefly in a local way, such as the Mellons of Pittsburgh and the Mathers of Cleveland, that are probably fully as rich.

Some apparently stupendous incomes may be more illusive than real. There is Marcellus Hartley Dodge, a relatively young man, who is supposed to own nearly every share of the $60,000,000 stock of the Remington Arms Company. Also a stockholders' list showed that at one time he owned 400,000 shares of the Midvale Steel Company, which are now paying $12 each year. That would make nearly $5,000,000 a year from Midvale Steel alone, if Mr. Dodge still has the stock, which he is supposed to have sold. But his Remington Arms Company had some hard financial sledding a while ago in filling its huge contracts, and rumor has it that young Mr. Dodge did not continue his ownership and control in quite the same literal sense as before. It was said that his father-in-law, Rockefeller, came to the rescue.

Usually, where prodigious fortunes have been made by the owner himself, the owners are now very old men. This is true of the biggest multimillionaires in Germany and Japan as well as here. These are the men who have been a long time at work piling it up, with the help of banks, corporations, trusts, and what not. Henry Ford is the conspicuous exception, as he is just fifty-four years old.



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Back to the Land with My Husband

OUR back-to-the-farm experience has been so satisfactory that I think others may be interested in hearing it. My husband and I had both grown up in a city, gone to common school, high school, and college, and my husband to law school. So we naturally thought of the city as home.

We were married a year and a half after my husband was graduated from law school, when he was twenty-five and I was almost twenty-three. We lived through the usual starvation period for a young lawyer, but we managed pretty well, for both of us understood money matters and had expected to have very little money those first few years. So by the end of the second year, when our first baby came, we were ready for the added expense he caused.

About that time a new political situation arose and my husband found interesting, congenial, and profitable work in organizing its forces. With the increase of practice and political duties our reading and most of the little pleasures of home life dropped off.

When our little girl came, she and her two-year-old brother just about filled my time. However, their hours were so regular and their health so good that I soon found I could leave them with one of their grandmothers and go with my husband to political meetings, the theater, and lectures occasionally.

It was then that I began to realize what we were drifting into—the life that too many city young people live: with no high aim particularly, and just a *drifting*—decidedly different from what our ideals had been in planning our life.

The atmosphere of politics is quite different from that of a dignified law practice, and when politics occupies a young lawyer's time and thoughts, his regular practice is bound to suffer. Although my husband was making more money than ever before, our living expenses were higher and our way of living—especially his way of living—was different, so the money seemed to fall far short of doing what it should have done. I came to see the false ideals and the discontent among the people around us, especially among our newer friends.

Our married life seems to have been divided into periods of two years each, and this period—the fifth and sixth years of our marriage—was decidedly the worst and darkest period. Before the end of that two years I had decided that we were going to make a change.

I preferred to go to the country or a small town in a different State. I did not intend that my husband should give up his profession—at least, not permanently, but I thought the country, with its fresh air and healthful work, was the place for us for a while.

We had no money to make a start in a new place, but my husband had an offer of a position in the country in an adjoining county. He was to help organize and manage a farmers' corporation. It was not exactly what I wanted, but it seemed a good chance, so we accepted it.

It took us two months to discover that the company was not in the order it had been represented to be, and that there was nothing in it for us—not even salary for those two months. That was the last of August, and we knew that we would have to do something before winter came.

We talked it over together, and then set out to find a house near there in the country. We found a house that we could rent cheaply, and also found that farm-work was plentiful.

While my husband worked for the farmers that fall, I canned all the fruit and vegetables I could get, so that we should have something to eat during the winter.

THAT time really marked the change in our life. We dropped all pretense, tried and did live on the wages my husband earned—and *earned* is the right word. Unaccustomed as he was to the heavy work and long hours, he succeeded in overcoming the great handicap of not knowing *how* to do the work. Men who have grown up or lived as boys on a farm can never know how hard it is for a "tenderfoot" to learn the little tricks of the farming trade—how to hitch up and work a team, manage the implements, plow a straight furrow, or mend harness.

We took a new place in society. Heretofore we had belonged to the so-called "better class," and, while we were not rich, we had kept up a certain pace and had done as others were doing, just for the looks of the thing. Now we were among strangers, and could be ourselves and live upon what we had without causing comment.

The next thing we did was to start the children in Sunday-school and to begin going to church ourselves. My husband had never gone to church or Sunday-school, but soon found that he liked it and joined the men's Bible class. In that way more than any other, I believe, we established ourselves among the farm community as respectable people and desirable neighbors.

By January we decided to risk farming for ourselves on a small farm we could rent. In the spring we bought a dozen hens, a team of horses, a wagon, and a plow, and went to work. In some ways we were a failure—the corn crop wasn't good, mostly because of an unusually early frost, and we raised only two chickens. The garden was a fine one. We had tomatoes, peas, and several other vegetables before any of the farmers had theirs, and we raised enough of everything to live out of the garden all summer, to can enough for all winter, and sold a good many dollars' worth besides.

We took care of some cows for a farmer, and got four pigs to raise—two that we killed for winter meat and two that we kept for this year's brood. Recently we have bought a cow, so we have milk and butter and cheese. We are having better success with chickens this year, and another good garden.

The best thing we have done is to find ourselves. We have accomplished something—maybe not so well as some one else could have done it, but still it was our own best, and we have learned a great deal. We are more valuable citizens than we were before, because we are helping create, and are living honestly on our own resources. We have established ourselves at our own value, and mean to increase that value steadily and as rapidly as possible.

Then, too, we have found joy in living. There is nothing like farm independence for the health, disposition, and character. We are all as well as we can be; we are contented; and I am sure my husband and I have added many good qualities to our character. We have a mighty happy home life, we enjoy the children and each other, our new friends and those of our old friends that we ask to visit us. We have the same interests now as we work side by side and can help each other.

I THINK I know any number of wives who would give a good deal for the peace of mind that is mine as I stand in our door and watch my husband plowing the field, feeding the hogs, or mending the fence. To be sure, we have been "hard up," but we have got through so far. Some days we haven't even enough money to buy postage stamps; but something always "turns up," as the Micawbers expected it to, and our sense of humor helps us along.

The children are having their rightful pleasure and chance to grow strong and happy, and to know how God does things in this world.

The second year of our life in the country is nearly up, and I can say that this period has been the best, in spite of all the hardships, work, and worry. Yes—there is certainly a "dignity of labor."

Jest Set



LANSON SMITH married Almon Hubbel's half-sister
Maria—the one Almon Hubbel's wife
Said she didn't care if she never see
 ag'in.
Maria was a done, but she done her
 duty,
Once she seen it.
 She was Orthodox to the core,
 And he was Unitarian, and rather
 sore
 On the subj' 'cause he had turned
 coat the year before.
Folks axt her where she'd worship
 now,
Seein' she'd got married;
 And she said as how
They'd fixed it up that she
Should go to his church every other
 Sabbath,
 And on the off Sunday he
Would go to hern.
"I shall worship," says she, "in the
 Orthodox pew,
And jest set in the Unitarian."

(From "Si Briggs' Talks," by Madeline Yale Wynne. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company.)



What is the Best Way to Close a Sale?

By JAMES R. COLLINS

BILLY often thought he must be peculiar—maybe wrong somewhere. For it was mighty hard for him to close a sale. His prospects liked him; he found no difficulty in making an approach. He was an earnest little chap, so that people listened to what he had to say, and were impressed. But, somehow, when it came to asking how many dozen the customer wanted shipped and when, Billy often bungled things. His customers put off the order, and frequently the sales-manager sent around a good "closer" to finish the job.

It was Uncle Jim Botsford who first gave Billy a little light on the subject of closing up a sale, and Uncle Jim's advice was a pretty piece of closing in itself. For he told Billy what to do, but said nothing about why.

Uncle Jim had had years of experience in the Southern trade.

"When you begin to talk to your man, just consider him sold," said he. "Just talk as if he had already bought from you and you were explaining his own goods to him."

After this Billy's sales began to improve. But it was a year or more before he saw what Uncle Jim hadn't told him—which was to take his mind off that awful moment that he had thought was coming, when he must ask the customer for an order.

Young salesmen usually pay a great deal of attention to the closing point—too much. They have heard that there is a way of looking into the customer's eyes and knowing when the moment has come to say, "Sign here on the dotted line." Perhaps there is—but it takes years of selling to develop that instinct. They believe that there is some device of logic by means of which the customer's mind can be led up to the closing point by a halter, as it were.



A certain salesman had a line in which the price ran into considerable money. If he bluntly told the price, it chilled the customer; for his line was sold to people who did not buy that stuff regularly. So he hit upon a scheme to cover this shortcoming. He called his scheme "the rate-man's idea."

When the argument had developed to a point where the customer asked, "What will this cost me?" the salesman always scribbled something on a scrap of paper and concealed it. Then he went on to tell about the rate man.

"Before coming to you, I went to consult our rate man, to be sure prices were correct. Neither of us had figured. We both thought it would run into big money. He made a mental estimate—seven thousand dollars. When I remembered all we wanted to give you for a bang-up job, that seemed too low—it must be nearer ten thousand, I'd have sworn. Then I figured it, item by item. I got a shock! The rate man got a shock, too, when I told him, and wouldn't believe till he figured it himself. But we were both right, and here's the price."

Then the scrap of paper would be shown. The price was scribbled on it, and it looked reasonable to the customer, because the rate-man story had prepared him for something in thousands, and the real price was only hundreds.

The closing point!

Very often it would take a psychologist to detect it. For the salesman talks to his customer, and his customer talks to him. By and by the order comes out like an afterthought.

It comes out easily, because the customer has made his own decision, instead of being forced into one.

In certain lines of selling, like life insurance or real estate, where the purchase runs beyond every-day transactions, the salesman must often drive his customer to a decision by force of logic. Unless the buyer knows that the course he is being urged to take is right, and that he must make this effort, he will not decide—or, if he does, he will not stick to his decision.

If there is any best way at all to close a sale, it might be expressed thus: "Don't try to make a sale at all, but let your customer buy."

What Will Peace Do to My Investments?

By CHARLES R. BROWN

WHAT will be the influence of peace on prices of investments? Is this a good time to buy?

This is the type of question most frequently heard in financial circles at the present moment. Will the end of hostilities, the readjustment of conditions throughout the world, sustain or increase, in the next two or three years, the earnings of the great transportation and industrial interests of the United States?

Some large corporations must suffer from peace, notably those whose securities have been so tremendously boomed during the war period. It would be highly illogical to expect any other result. But this applies to a comparatively limited number of Stock Exchange investments. Allowing for these exceptions, we can by another standard better appraise investments as a whole—namely, by the outlook for activity and prosperity of our country at large.

In the last analysis, our transportation and industrial activities are an accurate measure of our national progress. Hence it is necessary first to take a broad view of the position in which peace will find us.

Any view based on such an outlook can hardly fail to produce a substantial degree of optimism. One of the most forceful of the many epigrams credited to the late J. Pierpont Morgan was that "whoever is a bear on the country will go broke." The war certainly has not changed fundamentals. If anything, it has rendered Mr. Morgan's phrase more appropriate.

United States Leads in Finance

CONCEDEDLY our own country today occupies first place in the financial world. It would be extravagant to predict that as against London this position can be maintained permanently. But it would not be so extravagant to say that it will be occupied for a number of years. Avoiding technicalities, this financial power means a stupendous lever for retaining the foreign trade that, as a result of the earlier exigencies of our world competitors, we have acquired. We will put up the strongest possible fight to maintain and increase these advantages. This will aid in continuing in peace times the prosperity that has developed so wonderfully in war times, and will compensate for the termination of war business.

Financially, then, we start in a remarkably favorable position. Our "waste of war" has hardly begun, since we began our participation with an accumulation of profits derived from three years of highly profitable contracts from what have now become our formal Allies. We still are "on velvet."

Let us see how this happened. Before we entered the conflict our bankers and investors had lent, in round numbers, \$5,000,000,000 to the Entente governments. In the same period we had repurchased a similar amount of American securities that previously had been held abroad. Here is a combined item of \$10,000,000,000 representing *investments of profits.* Meanwhile, out of additional profits our entire industrial fabric has been placed on such a profitable and substantial basis as a few years ago would not, even by the most extreme optimist, have been considered possible. Our agricultural development, too, has been correspondingly startling; and agriculture still is the fundamental basis of our prosperity.

Allies Will Pay for Our Bonds

STILL another phase of the transition from war to peace demands recognition. We are starting the war with huge expenditures. Congress has been called upon to appropriate billions. But, of the \$5,000,000,000 of Liberty Bonds that Congress originally authorized, it was provided that the proceeds of no less than \$3,000,000,000 could be lent to our Allies. Further appropriations will mean similar foreign loans, of which our European friends pay both the principal and interest. Thus, when—say in thirty years or more—we are called upon to pay off the bonds, our government will first collect the funds from our Allies. It will not be necessary to repay that part of our national debt by means of taxation. It will be self-extinguishing.

These are some of the favoring phases of the war that do not appear to have been appreciated widely. They are important—most important—from the standpoint of those who have money to invest as well as those who have money invested. Whether, in the immediate future, quotations will further decline is something that appeals more particularly to the speculator than to the investor.

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How customer-ownership is strengthening public-utility securities is interestingly shown in a 24-page pamphlet entitled "National Public Ownership" which is being distributed by H. M. Byllesby & Company, Inc., 218 South La Salle St., Chicago, 1219 Trinity Building, New York City.

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Their booklet, "We're Right on the Ground," outlining in a comprehensive way the advantage of farm mortgages as a safe investment, won for E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, North Dakota, third prize in the contest at the recent St. Louis Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the world. Offered free to readers of this magazine.

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